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Christian Gellert
AND OTHER SKETCHES
BY
BERTHOLD AUERBACH

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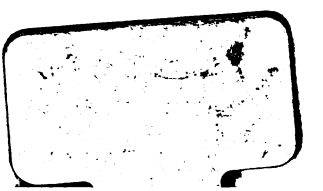

CHRISTIAN GELLERT,

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

London :—Printed by Richard Clay,
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CHRISTIAN GELLERT,

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

BY

BERTHOLD AUERBACH,

Author of "Tales of the Village," "Barefooted Maiden," etc.

Translated from the German

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CHRISTIAN GELLERT.

CHRISTIAN GELLERT.

EVENING was at hand on the 22d December, 1768: three o'clock had struck: the last stroke from the tower of St. Nicholas, Leipzig, was just dying away, when, wrapped in a pelisse, there issued from the door of the University, a man of particularly gentle aspect. On his features a cheerfulness still lingered, for he had been gazing upon a hundred cheerful faces; after him thronged a vast troop of students, but they held back and allowed this man to precede them: the passengers in the streets saluted him, and some students who pressed forwards and hurried past him homewards, saluted him quite reverentially. He returned their salutations with a surprised and almost deprecatory air, and yet he knew, and could not conceal from himself, that he was one of the best beloved not only of the good city of Leipzig, but in all lands far and wide.

It was Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, the Poet of Fables, and Odes, and Lays, who was just leaving his college.

When we now-a-days read his Lectures upon Morals, which were not printed until after his death, we obtain but a very incomplete idea of the mighty effect with which they came immediately from Gellert's mouth. Indeed, it was his voice and the touching manner in which he delivered his Lectures, which made so deep an impression upon his hearers; and Rabener was right when once upon a time he wrote to a friend, that "the philanthropic voice" of Gellert belonged to his words.

Above all, however, it was the amiable and pure personal character of Gellert, which vividly and edifyingly impressed young hearts. Gellert was himself the best example of pure moral teaching; and the best which a teacher can give his pupils is faith in the victorious might, and the stability of the eternal moral laws. His lessons were for the Life, for his life in itself was a lesson. Many a victory over the troubles of life, over temptations of every kind, aye, many an elevation to nobility of thought, and to purity of action, had its origin in that lecture-hall, at the feet of Gellert.

It was as though Gellert felt that it was the last time he would deliver these Lectures, that those words which he had so often and so impressively uttered would be heard no more from his mouth; there was a peculiar sadness, yet a peculiar strength in all he said that day.

He had this day earnestly recommended Modesty and Humility; and it appeared almost offensive to him that people as he went should lead him into temptation because of these very virtues; for continually he heard men whisper, "That is Gellert!"

What is fame, and what is honour? A cloak of many colours, without warmth, without protection: and now, as he walked along, his heart literally froze in his bosom, as he confessed to himself that he had as yet done nothing, nothing which could give him a feeling of real satisfaction. Men honoured him and loved him: but what was all that worth? His innermost heart could not be satisfied with that; in his own estimation he deserved no meed of praise; and

where, where was there any evidence of that change of heart which he would fain effect? Then, again, the Spirit would comfort him and say,—"Much seed is lost, much falls in stony places, and much on good ground and brings forth seven-fold."

His inmost soul heard not the consolation, for his body was weak and sore burthened from his youth up, and in his latter days yet more than ever: and there are conditions of the body in which the most elevating words, and the cheeriest notes of joy, strike on the soul but dully, coldly, and heavily. It belongs to the bitterest experience of life to discover how little one man can really be to another. How joyous is that youthful freshness which can believe that by a thought transferred to another's heart, we can induce him to become another being, to live according to what he must acknowledge true, to throw aside all previous delusions, and turn from all his errors!

The youngsters go their way! Do your words follow after? Whither are they going? What are now their thoughts? What manner of life will be theirs? "My heart yearns after them, but cannot be with them: oh, how happy were those messengers of the Spirit, who cried aloud to youth or manhood the words of the Spirit, that they must leave their former ways, and thenceforth change to other beings! Pardon me, O God! that I would fain be like them; I am weak and vile, and yet, methinks, there must be words as yet unheard, unknown—Oh! where are they, those words which rivet souls immediately?"

With such heavy thoughts went Gellert away from his College-gate to Rosenthal. There was but one small pathway cleared, but the passers cheerfully made way for him, and walked in the snow that they might leave him the pathway unimpeded: but within him he was sad, and felt "as if each tree had somewhat to cast at him." Like all men really pure, and cleaving to the good with all their might, Gellert was not only far from contenting himself with work already done; he also, in his anxiety to be doing, almost forgot that he had

ever done anything, and thus he was, in the best sense of the word, modest; he began with each fresh day his course of action afresh, as if he now for the first time had anything to accomplish. And yet he might have been happy, in the reflection how brightly beamed his teaching for ever, though his own life was often clouded. For

as the sun, which shines on summer days, still lives as concentrated warmth in wine, and somewhere on some winter night warms up a human heart, so too is the sunshine in the life of a man whose vocation it is to hold in charge for others, what hath been conceived in his own mind. Nay, there is here far more; for the refreshing

draught here offered is not diminished, though thousands drink thereof.

Twilight had set in, when Gellert returned home to his dwelling at the "Schwarz Brett."* His old servant, Sauer by name, took off his pelisse; and his amanuensis, Gödike, asked whether the Professor had any commands; being answered in the negative, Gödike retired, and Sauer lighted the lamp upon the work-table. "Some letters have arrived," said he, as he pointed to several upon the table: Gellert inclined his head, and Sauer retired also. Outside, however, he stood awhile with Gödike, and both spoke sorrowfully of the fact that the Professor was evidently again suffering severely. "There is a melancholy," said Gödike, "and it is the most usual, in which the inward depression easily changes to displeasure against all and each, and the household of the melancholic suffers thereby intolerably; for the displeasure turns against them,—no one does anything properly, nothing is in its place. How very different is Gellert's melancholy! Not a soul suffers from it but himself, against himself alone his gloomy thoughts turn, and towards every other creature he is always kind, amiable, and obliging: he gnaws his lips with his sharp teeth; but when he speaks to any one, he is nothing but goodness, forbearance, and self-forgetfulness."

Whilst they were talking together, Gellert was sitting in his room, and had lighted a pipe to dispel the agitation with which he would have burst open his letters; and smoking, too, he could read them so much more comfortably. He reproached himself with smoking, which was said to be injurious to his health, but he could not quite give up the "horrible practice," as he called it.

He first examined the addresses and seals of the letters which had arrived, then quietly opened and read them. A fitful smile passed over his features; there were letters from well-known friends, full of love and admiration, but from strangers also, who, in all

* "A black board." Every house in Leipzig has a sign.

kinds of heart-distress, took counsel of him. He read the letters full of friendly applause, first hastily, that he might have the right of reading them again, and that he might not know all at once; and when he had read a friend's letter for the second time, he sprang from his seat and cried, "Thank God! thank God! that I am so fortunate as to have such friends!" To his inwardly diffident nature, these helps were a real requirement; they served to cheer

him, and only those who did not know him called his joy at the reception of praise—conceit; it was, on the contrary, the truest modesty. How often did he sit there, and all that he had taught and written, all that he had ever been to men in word and deed, faded, vanished, and died away, and he appeared to himself but an useless servant of the world. His friends he answered immediately,

and as was always the case with him when he was among men, and looked in a living face—as then his inward melancholy vanished, and the philanthropy, nay, the sprightliness of his soul beamed forth, so was it also with his letters. When he bethought him of the friends to whom he was writing, he not only acquired tranquillity, that virtue for which his whole life long he strove; his loving nature also received new life, and only by slight intimations did he betray the heaviness and dejection which weighed upon his soul. He was, in the full sense of the word, "philanthropic," in the sight of good men; and in thoughts for their welfare, there was for him real happiness, and a joyous animation came over him.

When, however, he had made an end of writing, and was once more lonely, the gloomy spirits came back again: he had settled himself and wished to raise his thoughts for composing a sacred song: but he was ill at ease with himself, and he had no power to express that inwardly, firm, and self-rejoicing might of faith which lived in him. Again and again the scoffers and free-thinkers rose up before his thoughts: he must refute their objections, and not until that was done did he become himself.

It is a hard position, when a creative spirit cannot forget the adversaries which in the world on all sides oppose him: they come unsummoned to the room and will not be expelled: they peer over the shoulder, and tug at the hand which fain would write; they turn images topsy-turvy and distort the thoughts; and here and there, from ceiling and wall, they grin, and scoff, and nullify: and what was just gushing as an aspiration from the soul, in strange confusion is converted to absurdity.

At such a time, courageously and self-dependently, the spirit must take refuge in itself and show a firm front to a world of enemies.

A vigorous nature hurls with bold grasp his inkstand at the Devil's head, goes to battle with his opponents with written words and spoken, and keeps his own individuality free from the per-

plexities with which opponents upset all hitherto accomplished, and for all that is to come make the soul unsteadfast and unnerved.

Gellert was no battling confident nature, which relies upon itself: he did not hurl his opponents down and go his way: he would convince them; and so they were always on the *qui vive* for him. And as the applause of his friends rejoiced him, so the opposition of his enemies could sink him in deep dejection. Besides, he was always weakly: he had, as he himself complained, in addition to frequent coughs and a pain in his loins, continually a gnawing and pinching in the centre of his chest, which accompanied him from his early rising to the day, and from daybreak to the night.

Thus awhile he sat, and deep dejection was quick within him: and, as often and again, his only wish was, that God would give him grace whereby when now his hour was come, he might die piously and tranquilly.

Midnight was past when he sought his bed and extinguished his light.

And the buckets at the well go up and down.

About the same hour in Duben Forest, the rustic Christopher was rising from his bed. As with steel and flint he sputtered sparks upon the tinder, and was just kindling himself a light, his wife at that moment awaking, cried out: "What means that heavy sigh?" "Ah! life is a burthen to me: I am the most harassed mortal in all the world. The most insignificant office-clerk may now still lie in peace, and need not break-off his sleep: while I must go out and brave wind and weather."

"Be content," rejoined his wife: "why, I dreamt you had actually been made magistrate, and wore something on your head like a king's crown."

"Oh! you women; as though what you see isn't enough, you like to chatter about what you dream as well."

"Light the lamp, too," answered his wife, "and I'll get up and prepare you a nice porridge."

The rustic put a candle in his lantern, went away to the stable, shook some fodder down for the horses, and then sat himself upon the manger: and with his hands squeezed between his knees and

his head bent down, reflected over and over again what a wretched existence he had of it. "Why," thought he, "are so many men so well off, so easy, whilst you must always be toiling? What care I if envy be not a virtue?—and yet I'm not envious, I don't grudge others being well off, only I should like to be well off too: oh for a

quiet, easy life! Am I not worse off than a horse? He gets his fodder at the proper time, and takes no care for it. Why did my father make my brother a minister? He gets his salary without any trouble, sits in a warm room, has no care in the world; and I must slave and torment myself."

Strange to say, his very next thought, that he would have gladly been made local-magistrate, he would in no wise confess to himself.

He sate still a long while; then he went back again to the parlour, past the kitchen, where the fire burnt cheerily. He sat himself at the table and waited for his morning-porridge. On the table lay an open book; his children had been reading it the previous evening: involuntarily he took it up and commenced reading. Suddenly he started up, rubbed his eyes, and then read again. How comes this verse here just at this moment? He kept his hand upon the book, and so easily had he caught the words, that he repeated them to himself softly with his lips, and nodded several times as much as to say: "that's true!" And aloud he said: "It's all there together: short and sweet!" and he was still staring at it, when his wife brought in the smoking porridge. He took off his cap, folded his hands, and said aloud:—

"Accept God's gifts with resignation,
Content to lack what thou hast not:
In every lot there's consolation;
There's trouble, too, in every lot!"

The wife looked at her husband with amazement. What a strange expression was upon his face! And as he sat down and began to eat, she said: "What is the meaning of that grace? What has come to you? Where did you find it?"

"It is the best of all graces, the very best—real God's word. Yes, and all your life you have never made such nice porridge before. You must have put something particular in it!"

"I don't understand you. Stop! There's the book lying there—ah! that is it—and it is by Gellert of Leipzig."

"What! Gellert of Leipzig! Men with ideas like that don't live now: there may have been such a thousand years ago in holy lands, not among us: those are the words of a saint of old."

"And I tell you they are by Gellert of Leipzig, of whom your brother has told us: in fact, he was his tutor, and haven't you heard how pious and good he is?"

"I wouldn't have believed that such men still were, and so near us as Leipzig."

"Well, but those who lived a thousand years ago were also once living creatures: and over Leipzig is the self-same heaven, and the self-same sun shines, and the self-same God rules as over all other cities."

"Oh! yes, my brother has an apt pupil in you!"

"Well, and why not? I have treasured up all he told us of Professor Gellert."

"Professor!"

"Yes, Professor!"

"A man with such a proud new-fangled title couldn't write anything like that!"

"He didn't give himself the title, and he is poor enough withal! and how hardly has it fared with him! Even from childhood he has been well acquainted with poverty: his father was a poor minister in Haynichen with thirteen children; and Gellert, as quite a little fellow, was obliged to be a copying office-clerk: who can tell whether he did not then contract that physical weakness of his? And now that he is an old man, things will never go better with him: he has often no wood, and must be pinched with cold. It is with him, perhaps, as with that student of whom your brother has told us; who is as poor as a rat, and yet must read; and so in winter he lies in bed, with an empty stomach, until day is far advanced; and he has his book before him, and first he takes out one hand to hold his book, and then, when that is numb with cold, the other. Ah! tongue cannot tell how poorly the man must live; and yet your brother has told me, if he has but a few pounds, he doesn't think at all of himself: he always looks out for one still poorer than he is, and then gives all away: and he is always engaged in aiding and assisting others. Oh! dear, and yet he is so poor! Maybe at this moment he is hungry and cold: and he is said to be in ill-health too as well."

"Wife, I would willingly do the man a good turn if I could. If, now, he had some land, I would plough, and sow, and reap,

and carry, and thresh by the week together for him. I should like to pay him attention in such a way that he might know there was at least one who cared for him. But his profession is one in which I can be of no use."

"Well, just seek him out and speak with him once; you are going to-day, you know, with your wood to Leipzig. Seek him out and thank him; that sort of thing does such a man's heart good. Anybody can see him."

"Yes, yes; I should like much to see him, and hold out to him my hand—but not empty: I wish I had something!"

"Speak to your brother, and get him to give you a note to him."

"No, no; say nothing to my brother: but it might be possible for me to meet him in the street. Give me my Sunday coat; it will come to no harm under my cloak."

When his wife brought him the coat, she said:—"If, now, Gellert had a wife, or a household of his own, one might send him something; but your brother says he is a bachelor, and lives quite alone."

Christopher had never before so cheerily harnessed his horses and put them to his wood-laden wagon; for a long while he had not given his hand to his wife at parting so gaily as to-day. Now he started with his heavily-laden vehicle through the village; the wheels creaked and crackled in the snow. At the parsonage he stopped, and looked away yonder where his brother was still sleeping; he thought he would wake him and tell him his intention: but suddenly he whipped up his horses, and continued his route. He wouldn't yet bind himself to his intention—perchance it was but a passing thought; he doesn't own that to himself, but he says to himself that he will surprise his brother with the news of what he has done; and then his thoughts wandered away to the good man still sleeping yonder in the city; and to the air of an old melody he sang to himself the verse.

Wonderfully in life do effects manifest themselves, of which we have no trace. Gellert, too, heard in his dreams a singing; he knew not what it was, but it rang so consolingly, so joyously .... Christopher drove on, and he felt as though a bandage had been taken from his eyes; he reflected what a nice house, what a bonny wife and rosy children he had, and how warm the cloak which he had thrown over him was, and how well off were both man and beast, and through the still night he drove along, and beside him sat a spirit; but not an illusion of the brain, such as in olden time men conjured up to their terror: a good spirit sat beside him—beside the woodman who, his whole life long, had never believed that anything could have power over him but what had hands and feet.

It is said that, on troublous nights, evil spirits settle upon the necks of men, and belabour them so that they gasp and sweat for very terror: quite another sort was it which to-day sat by the woodman: and his heart was warm, and its beating quick.

And it was so, in ancient times, that men carried loads of wood through the night, that heretics might be burned thereon: these men thought to do a good deed in that they helped to execute justice; and who can say how painful it was to their hearts when they were forced to think, to-morrow, on this wood which now you carry, will shriek, and crackle, and gasp, a human being like yourself? Who can tell what black spirits settled on the necks of those who bore the wood to make the funeral-pile? How very different was it to-day with our woodman Christopher!

And earlier still, in ancient times, men brought wood to the temple, whereon they offered victims in the honour of God; and, according to their notions, the men did a good deed: for when words can no longer suffice to express the fervency of the heart, it gladly offers what it prizes, what it loves, as a proof of its devotion, as a proof of the earnestness of its intention.

How differently went Christopher from the Duben Forest upon

his way! He knew not whether he were intending to bring a purer offering than men had brought in bygone ages; but his heart grew warm within him.

It was day as he arrived before the gates of Leipzig. Here there met him a funeral-procession; behind the bier the scholars of St. Thomas, in long black cloaks, were chanting. Christopher stopped and raised his hat. Whom were they burying? Supposing it were Gellert! Yes, surely, he thought, it is he: and how gladly, said he to himself, would you now have done him a kindness,—aye, even given him your wood? Yes, indeed you would; and now he is dead, and you cannot help him more!

As soon as the train had passed, Christopher asked who was being buried. It was a simple burgher, it was not Gellert; and in the deep breath which Christopher drew lay a double signification: on the one hand, was joy that Gellert was not dead, on the other, a still small voice whispered to him that he had now really promised to give him the wood: ah! but whom had he promised?—himself: and it is easy to argue with one's own conscience.

Superstition babbles of forms of adjuration, whereby, without the co-operation of the patient, the evil spirit can be summarily ejected. It were convenient, had one that power, but, in truth, it is not so; it is long ere the evil desire and the evil habit are removed from the soul into which they had nestled, and the will, which was for a while in bondage, must co-operate, if a releasing spell from without is to set the prisoner free. One can but guide, himself must move his feet.

As Christopher now looked about him, he found that he had stopped close by an inn; he drove his load a little aside, went into the parlour, and drank a glass of warmed beer. There was already a goodly company, and not far from Christopher sat a rustic with his son, who was a student here, and the student was telling him how there had been lately much bustle. Professor Gellert had

been ill, and riding on a well-trained horse had been recommended for his health. Now Prince Henry of Prussia, during the Seven Years' War, at the occupation of Leipzig, had sent him a pie-bald ;

this had died a short time ago, and the Elector, on hearing of it, had sent Gellert from Dresden another—a chestnut—with golden bridle, blue velvet saddle, and gold embroidered housings.

Half the city had assembled when the groom, a man with iron-grey hair, brought the horse; and for several days it was on view at the stable; but Gellert dared not mount it, it was too young and high-spirited. The rustic now asked his son whether the Professor did not make sufficient income to procure himself a horse, to which question the son answered—"Certainly not. His salary is but 25*l.* and his further gains are inconsiderable. His Lectures on Morals he gives publicly, *i. e.* gratis, and he has hundreds of hearers; and, therefore, at his other lectures, which must be paid for, he has by so much the fewer. To be sure, he has now and then presents from grand patrons; but no one gives him enough to live upon once and for ever, and to have all over with a single acknowledgment."

Our friend Christopher started as he heard this; he had quite made up his mind to take Gellert the wood, but he had yet to do it. How easy were virtue, if will and deed were the same thing! if performance could immediately succeed to the moment of burning enthusiasm! But one must make way over obstacles; over those that outwardly lie in one's path, and over those that are hidden deep in the heart; and negligence has a thousand very cunning advocates.

How many go forth, and good intentions prompt them; but they let little hindrances turn them from their way—even from their way of life entirely. In front of the house Christopher met other woodmen whom he knew, and—"You are stirring betimes!" "Prices are good to-day!" "But little comes to the market now!" was the cry from all sides. Christopher wanted to say that all that didn't concern him, but he was ashamed to confess what his design was, and an inward voice told him he must not lie. Without answering he joined the rest, and wended his way to the market; and on the road he thought,—"There are Peter, and Godfrey, and John, who have seven times your means, and not one of them, I'm sure, would think of doing anything of this kind; why will

you be the kind-hearted fool? Stay! what matters it what others do or leave undone? Every man shall answer for himself. Yes, but go to market—it is better it should be so; yes, certainly, much better: sell your wood—who knows? perhaps he doesn't want it—and take him the proceeds, or at least the greater portion. But is the wood still yours? You have, properly speaking, already given it away; it has only not been taken from your keeping." . . .

There are people who cannot give; they can only let a thing be taken, either by the hand of chance, or by urgency and entreaty. Christopher had such fast hold of possession, that it was only after sore wrestling he let go; and yet his heart was kind, at least to-day it was so disposed, but the tempter whispered,—"It is not easy to find so good-natured a fellow as you. How readily would you have given, had the man been in want; and your good intention must go for the deed." Still, on the other hand, there was something in him which made opposition—an echo from those hours, when, in the still night, he was driving hither,—and it burned in him like sacred fire, and it said, "You must now accomplish what you intended. Certainly no one knows of it, and you are responsible to no one; but you know of it yourself, and One above you knows, and how shall you be justified?" And he said to himself, "I'll stand by this: look, it is just nine; if no one ask the price of your wood until ten o'clock, until the stroke of ten,—until it has done striking, I mean; if no one ask, then the wood belongs to Professor Gellert: but if a buyer come, then it is a sign that you need not—should not give it away. There, that is all settled. But how? what means this? Can you make your good deed dependent on such a chance as this? No, no; I don't mean it. But yet—yet—only for a joke, I will try it."

Temptation kept him turning as it were in a circle, and still he stood with an apparently quiet heart by his wagon in the market. The people who heard him muttering in this way to himself looked

at him with wonder, and passed by him to the other wagon, as though he had not been there. It struck nine. Can you wait patiently another hour? Christopher lighted his pipe and looked calmly on, as now these, now those loads were driven off. It struck the quarter, half-hour, three-quarters. Christopher now put his pipe in his pocket; it had long been cold, and his hands were almost frozen; all his blood had rushed to his heart. Now it struck the full hour, stroke after stroke. At first he counted; then he fancied he had lost a stroke and miscalculated. Whether voluntarily or involuntarily, he said to himself, when it had finished striking, "You're wrong; it is nine, not ten. He turned round that he might not see the dial, and thus he stood for some time, with his hands upon the wagon-rack, gazing at the wood. He knew not how long he had been thus standing, when some one tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "How much for the load of wood?"

Christopher turned round; there was an odd look of irresolution in his eyes as he said: "Eh? eh? what time is it?"

"Half-past ten."

"Then the wood is now no longer mine—at least to sell:" and collecting himself, he became suddenly warm, and with firm hand turned his horses round, and begged the woodmen who accompanied him to point him out the way to the house with the "Schwarz Brett," Dr. Junius'. There he delivered a full load; at each log he lowered from the wagon, he smiled oddly. The wood-meters measured the wood carefully, turned each log and placed it in the exact spot, that there might not be a crevice anywhere.

"Why are you so over-particular to-day, pray?" asked Christopher, and received for answer:

"Professor Gellert must have a fair load; every shaving kept back from him were a sin."

Christopher laughed aloud, and the wood-meters looked at him with amazement; for such particularity generally provoked a quarrel. Christopher had still some logs over; these he kept by him on the

wagon. At this moment the servant Sauer came up, and asked to whom the wood belonged.

"To Professor Gellert," answered Christopher.

"The man's mad! it isn't true. Professor Gellert has not bought any wood; it is my business to look after that."

"He has not bought it, and yet it is his!" cried Christopher.

Sauer was on the point of giving the mad peasant a hearty scolding, and he raised his voice so much the louder, that it was striking eleven by St. Nicholas. At this moment, however, he became suddenly mute, for yonder from the university there came, with tired

gait, a man of a noble countenance; at every step he made, on this side and on that, off came the hats and the caps of the passers, and Sauer simply called out, "There comes the Professor himself."

What a peculiar expression passed over Christopher's face! He looked at the new comer, and so earnest was his gaze, that Gellert, who always walked with his head bowed, suddenly looked up. Christopher said: "Mr. Gellert, I am glad to see you still alive."

"I thank you," said Gellert, and made as though he would pass on; but Christopher stepped up closer to him, stretched out his hand to him, and said: "I have taken the liberty—I should like—will you give me your hand, Mr. Gellert?"

Gellert drew his long thin hand out of his muff and placed it in the hard oaken-like hand of the peasant; and at this moment when the peasant's hand lay in the scholar's palm, as one felt the other's pressure in actual living grasp, there took place, though the mortal actors in the scene were all unconscious, a renewal of that healthy life which alone can make a people one.

How long had the learned world, wrapped up in itself, separated from the fellow-men around, thought in Latin, felt as foreigners, and lived buried in contemplation of bygone worlds! From the time of Gellert commences the ever-increasing unity of good-fellowship throughout all classes of life, kept up by mutual giving and receiving. As the scholar—as the solitary poet endeavours to work upon others by lays that quicken, and songs that incite, so he in his turn is a debtor to his age, and the lonely thinking and writing become the property of all; but the effects are not seen in a moment; for higher than the most highly gifted spirit of any single man is the spirit of a nation. With the pressure which Gellert and the peasant exchanged, commenced a mighty change in universal life which never more can cease to act.

"Permit me to enter your room?" said Christopher, and Gellert nodded assent. He was so courteous that he motioned to the peasant to enter first; however, Sauer went close after him: he thought it

must be a madman; he must protect his master; the man looked just as if he were drunk. Gellert (with his amanuensis Gödike) followed them.

Gellert, however, felt that the man must be actuated by pure motives: he bade the others retire, and took Christopher alone

into his study; and as he clasped his left hand with his right, he asked: "Well, my good friend, what is your business?"

"Eh? oh! nothing—I've only brought you a load of wood there—a fair, full load; however, I'll give you the few logs which I have in my wagon, as well."

"My good man, my servant Sauer looks after buying my wood."

"It is no question of buying. No, my dear sir, I give it you."

"Give it me? why me particularly?"

"Oh! sir, you do not know at all what good you do, what good you have done me; and my wife was right: why should there not be really pious men in our day too? Surely the sun still shines as he shone thousands of years ago; all is now the same as then; and the God of old is living still."

"Certainly, certainly; I am glad to see you so pious."

"Ah! believe me, dear sir, I am not always so pious; and that I am so disposed to-day, is owing to you. We have no more confessionals now, but I can confess to you: and you have taken a heavier load from my heart than a wagon-load of wood. Oh! sir, I am not what I was. In my early days I was a high-spirited, merry lad, and out in the field and in-doors in the inn and the spinning-room there was none who could sing against me; but that is long past. What has a man on whose head the grave-blossoms are growing," and he pointed to his grey head, "to do with all that trash? And besides, the Seven Years' War has put a stop to all our singing. But last night, in the midst of the fearful cold, I sang a lay set expressly for me—all old tunes go to it: and it seemed to me as though I saw a sign-post which pointed I know not whither—or, nay, I do know whither." And now the peasant related how discontented and unhappy in mind he had been, and how the words in the lay had all at once raised his spirits and accompanied him upon the journey, like a good fellow who talks to one cheerfully.

At this part of the peasant's tale, Gellert folded his hands in silence, and the peasant concluded: "How I always envied others,

I cannot now think why; but you I do envy, sir: I should like to be as you."

And Gellert answered: "I thank God and rejoice greatly that my writings have been of service to you. Think not so well of me. Would God I were really the good man I appear in your eyes! I am far from being such as I should, as I would fain be. I write my books for my own improvement also, to show myself as well as others what manner of men we should be."

Laughing, the peasant replied: "You put me in mind of the story my poor mother used to tell of the old minister; he stood up once in the pulpit and said: 'My dear friends, I speak not only for you, but for myself also; I, too, have need of it.'"

Christopher laughed outrageously when he had finished, and Gellert smiled, and said: "Yes, whoever in the darkness lighteth another with a lamp, lighteth himself also; and the light is not part of ourselves,—it is put into our hands by Him who hath appointed the suns their courses."

The peasant stood speechless, and looked upon the ground: there was something within him which took from him the power of looking up; he was only conscious that it ill became him to laugh so loudly just now, when he told the story of the old minister.

A longer pause ensued, and Gellert seemed to have been lost in reflection upon this reference to a minister's work, for he said half to himself: "Oh! how would it fulfil my dearest wish to be a village-pastor! To move about among my people, and really be one with them; the friend of their souls my whole life long, never to lose them out of my sight! Yonder goes one whom I have led into the right way; there another with whom I still wrestle, but whom I shall assuredly save; and in them all the teaching lives which God proclaims by me. Did I not think that I should be acting against my duty, I would this moment choose a country life for the remnant of my days. When I look from my window over the country, I have before me the broad sky, of which we citizens

know but little, a scene entirely new; there I stand and lose myself for half-an-hour in gazing and in thinking. Yes, good friend, envy no man in the rank of scholars. Look at me; I am almost always ill; and what a burden is a sickly body! How strong, on the contrary, are you! I am never happier than when, without being remarked, I can watch a dinner-table thronged by hungry men and maids. Even if these folks be not generally so happy as their superiors, at table they are certainly happier."

"Yes, sir; we relish our eating and drinking. And, lately, when felling and sorting that wood below, I was more than usually lively; it seems as though I had a notion I was to do some good with it."

"And must I permit you to make me a present?" asked Gellert, resting his chin upon his left hand.

The peasant answered, "It is not worth talking about."

"Nay, it might be well worth talking about; but I accept your present. It is pride not to be ready to accept a gift. Is not all we have a gift from God? And what one man gives another, he gives, as is most appropriately said, for God's sake. Were I your minister, I should be pleased to accept a present from you. You see, good friend, we men have no occasion to thank each other. You have given me nothing of yours, and I have given you nothing of mine. That the trees grow in the forest is none of yours, it is the work of the Creator and Preserver of the world; and the soil is not yours; and the sun and the rain are not yours: they are all the works of His hand; and if perchance I have some healthy thoughts rising up in my soul which benefit my fellow-men, it is none of mine, it is His doing. The word is not mine, and the spirit is not mine; and I am but an instrument in His hand. Therefore one man needs not to utter words of thanks to his fellow, if every one would but acknowledge who it really is that gives."

The peasant looked up in astonishment. Gellert remarked it and said: "Understand me properly. I thank you from my heart; you

have done a kind action. But that the trees grow is none of yours, and it is none of mine that thoughts arise in me: every one simply tills his field, and tends his woodland, and the honest assiduous toil he gives thereto is his virtue. That you felled, loaded, and brought the wood, and will no recompense for your labour, is very thankworthy. My wood was more easily felled; but those still nights, which I and all of my calling pass in heavy thought—who can tell what toil there is in them! There is in the world an adjustment which no one sees, and which but seldom discovers itself; and this and that shift thither and hither, and the scales of the balance become even, and then ceases all distinction between 'mine' and 'thine,' and in the still forest rings an axe for me, and in the silent night my spirit thinks and my pen writes for you."

The peasant passed both his hands over his temples, and his look was as though he said to himself, "Where are you? Are you still in the world? Is it a mortal man who speaks to you? Are you in Leipzig, in that populous city where men jostle one another for gain and bare existence?"

Below might be heard the creaking of the saw as the wood was being sundered: and now the near-horse neighs, and Christopher is in the world again. "It may injure the horse to stand so long in the cold; and no money for the wood! but perhaps a sick horse to take home into the bargain: that would be too much."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Professor," said he—he had his hat under his arm, and was rubbing his hands—"yes, I am delighted at what I have done; and I value the lesson, believe me, more than ten loads of wood: and never shall I forget you to my dying day. And though I see you are not so poor as I had imagined, still I don't regret it. Oh! no, certainly not at all."

"Eh! did you think me so very poor then?"

"Yes, miserably poor."

"I always was poor, but God has never suffered me to be a single day without necessaries. I have much happiness in the world which

I have not deserved, and much unhappiness I have not, which perchance I have deserved. I have found much favour with both high and low, for which I cannot sufficiently thank God. And now tell me, cannot I give you something, or obtain something for you? You are local magistrate, I presume?"

"Why so?"

"You look like it: you might be."

Christopher had taken his hat into his hands, and was crumpling it up now; he half closed his eyes, and with a sly inquiring glance, he peered at Gellert. Suddenly, however, the expression of his face changed, and the muscles quivered as he said: "Sir, what a man are you! How you can dive into the recesses of one's heart! I have really pined night and day, and been cross with the whole world, because I was not to be magistrate, and you, sir, you have actually helped to overcome that in me. Oh! sir, as soon as I read that verse in your book, I had an idea, and now I see still more plainly, that you must be a man of God, who can pluck the heart from one's bosom, and turn it round and round. I had thought I could never have another moment's happiness, if my neighbour Hans Gottlieb should be magistrate: and with that verse of yours, it has been with me as when one calms the blood with a magic spell."

"Well, my good friend, I am rejoiced to hear it: believe me, every one has in himself alone a whole host to govern. Whatever can urge men to wish incontinently to govern others? What can it profit you to be local magistrate, when to accomplish your object you must perhaps do something wrong? What were the fame, not only of a village, but even of the whole world, if you could have no self-respect? Let it suffice for you to perform your daily duties with uprightness; let your joys be centred in your wife and children, and you will be happy. What need you more? Think not that honour and station would make you happy. Rejoice, and again I say, rejoice: 'a contented spirit is a continual feast.' That I often

whisper to myself when I feel disposed to give way to dejection: and although misery be not our fault, yet lack of endurance and of patience in misery is undoubtedly our fault."

"I would my wife were here too, that she also might hear this; I grudge myself the hearing of it all alone; I cannot remember it all properly, and yet I should like to tell her it word for word. Who would have thought, that, by standing upon a load of wood, one could get a peep into heaven!"

Gellert in silence bowed his head; and afterwards he said: "Yes, rejoice in your deed, as I do in your present. Your wood is sacrificial-wood. In olden time—and it was right in principle, because man could not yet offer prayer and thanks in spirit—it was a custom and ordinance to bring something from one's possessions, as a proof of devotion: this was a sacrifice. And the more important the gift to be given, or the request to be granted, the more costly was the sacrifice. Our God will have no victims; but whatsoever you do unto one of the least of His, you do unto Him. Such are our sacrifices. My dear friend, from my heart I thank you, for you have done me a kindness, in that you have given me a real undeniable proof, that my words have penetrated your heart, and that I do not live on for nothing: and treasure it up in your heart, that you have caused real joy to one who is often, very often, overpoweringly heavy and sorrowful. You have not only kindled bright tapers upon my Christmas-tree, the tree itself burns, gives light, and warms: the bush burns, and is not consumed, which is an image of the presence of the Holy Spirit and its admonition, to trust in the Most High in this wilderness of life, in mourning and in woe. Oh! my dear friend, I have been nigh unto death. What a solemn, quaking stride is the stride into eternity! What a difference between ideas of death in the days of health, and on the brink of the grave! And how shall I show myself worthy of longer life? By learning better to die. And, mark, when I sit here in solitude pursuing my thoughts, and keeping some, and driving away others,

then I can think, in distant valleys, upon distant mountains, there are living men who carry my thoughts within their hearts; and for them I live, and they are near and dear to me, till one day we shall meet where there is no more disjunction, no more separation. Peasant and scholar, let us abide as we are. Give me your hand —farewell!"

And once again, the soft and the hard hand were clasped together, and Christopher quite trembled as Gellert laid his hand upon his shoulder. They shook hands, and therewith something touched the heart of each more impressively, more completely, than ever words could touch it. Christopher got down stairs without knowing how: below, he threw down the extra logs of wood, which he had kept back, with a clatter from the wagon, and then drove briskly from the city. Not till he arrived at Lindenthal, did he allow himself and his horses rest or food. He had driven away empty: he had nothing on his wagon, nothing in his purse; and yet who can tell what treasures he took home; and who can tell what inextinguishable fire he left behind him yonder, by that lonely scholar!

Gellert, who usually dined at his brother's, to-day had dinner brought into his own room, remained quite alone, and did not go out any more: he had experienced quite enough excitement, and society he had in his own thoughts. Oh! to find that there are open, susceptible hearts, is a blessing to him that writes in solitude, and is as wondrous to him as though he dipped his pen in streams of sunshine, and as if all he wrote were Light. The rain-drop which falls from the cloud cannot tell upon what plant it drops: there is a quickening power in it, but for what? And a thought which finds expression from a human heart; an action, nay, a whole life is like the rain-drop falling from the cloud: the whole period of a life endures no longer than the rain-drop needs for falling. And as for knowing where your life is continued, how your work proceeds, you cannot attain to that.

And in the night all was still around: nothing was astir; the

whole earth was simple rest, as Gellert sat in his room by his lonely lamp; his hand lay upon an open book, and his eyes were fixed upon the empty air; and on a sudden came once more upon him that melancholy gloom, which for the most part so easily resumes its place after more than usual excitement.

It is as though the soul, suddenly elevated above all, must still remember the heaviness it but now experienced, though that expresses itself as joy-tears in the eye.

In Gellert, however, this feature of melancholy was still more peculiar: a sort of timidity had rooted itself in him, which was connected with his weak chest, and that secret gnawing pain in his head; a fearfulness it was which his manner of life only tended to increase. Surrounded as he was by nothing but love and admiration in the world, he could not divest himself of a fear that all which is most horrible and terrible, would burst suddenly upon him: and thus his eye was fixed. He passed his hand over his face, and with an effort concentrated his looks and thoughts upon surrounding objects, and said to himself almost aloud: "How comforting is light! Were there no light from without to illumine objects for us, we should perish in gloom, in nightly shadowness. And Light is a gentle friend that watches by us, and when we are sunken in sorrow, points out to us that the world is still there, that it calls and beckons us, and requires of us duty and cheerfulness. 'You must not be lost in self,' it says; 'see! the world is still here:' and a friend beside us is as a light which illumines surrounding objects; we cannot forget them, we must see them and mingle with them. How hard is life, and how little I accomplish. I would fain awaken the whole world to goodness and to love; but my voice is weak, my strength is insufficient: how insignificant is all I do!"

And now he rose up and strode across the room; and he stood at the hearth where burned the fire of wood, which had that very day been given to him, and his thoughts reverted to the man who had done this deed. Why had he not asked his name; and where he

came from? Perchance he might have been able in thought to follow him all the way, as he drove home; and now . . . but yet 'tis more, 'tis better as it is: it is not an individual, it is not So-and-so who has shown his gratitude, but all the world by the mouth of one. "The kindnesses I receive," he thought, "are indeed trials; but

though they be, I must accept them with thanks. I will try henceforth to be a benefactor to others as others are to me, without display, and with grateful thanks to God, our highest benefactor: this will I do, and search no further for the why and for the wherefore." And once more a voice within him spoke, and he stood

erect, and raised his arms on high. "Who knows," he thought, "whether at this moment I have not been, in one place or another, to one man or another, his brother, his friend, his comforter, his saviour; and from house to house, may be, my spirit travels, awakening, enlivening, refreshing—yonder in the attic, where burns a solitary light; and afar in some village a mother is sitting by her child, and hearing him repeat the thoughts which I arranged in verse; and peradventure some isolated elder, who is waiting for his death, is sitting by his fireside, and his lips are moving to my words."

And yonder in the church, the choir is chanting a hymn of yours; could you then write this hymn without its vigour in your heart? Oh! no, it must be there. And with trembling he thought: "There is nothing so small as to have no place in the government of God: should you not then believe that He suffered this day's incident to happen for your joy? For your joy? Oh! were it so, what happiness were yours! A heart renewed." . . . . He moved to the window, looked up to heaven, and prayed inwardly: "My soul is with my brothers and my sisters: nay, it is with thee, my God, and in humility I acknowledge how richly thou hast blessed me. And if, in the kingdom of the world to come, a soul should cry to me: 'Thou didst guide and cheer me on to happiness eternal!' all hail! my friend, my benefactor, my glory in the presence of God. . . . . In these thoughts let me die, and pardon me my weakness and my sins!"

"And the evening and the morning were the first day."

At early morning, Gellert was sitting at his table, and read, according to his invariable habit, first of all in the Bible. It was not his custom to leave the Bible open—he always shut it with a peaceful, devotional air, after he had read therein: there was something grateful as well as reverential in his manner of closing the volume; the holy words should not lie unveiled.

To-day the Bible was lying open when he rose. His eye fell upon the History of the Creation, and at the words, "And the evening and the morning were the first day," he leaned back his head, supported upon his arm-chair, and kept his hand upon the book, as though he would grasp with his hand as well the lofty thought, how Night and Day were divided.

For a long while he sat thus, and he was wondrously bright in spirit, and a soft reminiscence dawned upon him; of a bright day in childhood, when he had been so happy, and in Haynichen, his native place, had gone out with his father for a walk. An inward warmth roused his heart to quicker pulsation; and suddenly he started, and looked about him: he had been humming a tune.

Up from the street came the busy sound of day: at other times how insufferable he had found it! and now how joyous it seemed that men should bestir themselves, and turn to all manner of occupation! There was a sound of crumbling snow: and how nice to have a house, and a blaze upon the hearth! "And the evening and the morning were the first day!" And man getteth himself a light in the darkness: but how long, O man! could you make it endure? What could you do with your artificial light, if God did not cause his sun to shine? Without it grows no grass, no corn. On the hand, which lay upon the book, fell a bright sunbeam. How soon at other times would Gellert have drawn the defensive curtain! Now he watches the little motes that play about in the sunbeam.

The servant brought coffee, and the amanuensis Gödike asked if there were anything to do. Generally Gellert scarce lifted his head from his books, hastily acknowledged the attention, and read on in silence; to-day he motioned to Gödike to stay, and said to Sauer, "Another cup: Mr. Gödike will take coffee with me. God has given me a day of rejoicing." Sauer brought the cup, and Gellert said: "Yes, God has given me a day of rejoicing, and what I am most thankful for is, that He has granted me strength to thank Him with all my heart: not so entirely, however, as I should like."

"Thank God, Mr. Professor, that you are once more in health, and cheerful: and permit me, Mr. Professor, to tell you that I was myself also ill a short time ago, and I then learnt a lesson which I shall never forget. Who is the most grateful? The convalescent! He learns to love God and his beautiful world anew; and is grateful for everything, and delighted with everything. What a flavour has his first cup of coffee! How he enjoys his first walk outside the house, outside the gate! The houses, the trees, all give us greeting: all is again full of health and joy with us!" So said Gödike, and Gellert rejoined:—

"You are a good creature, and have just spoken good words. Certainly, the convalescent is the most grateful. We are, however, for the most part, sick in spirit, and have not strength to recover: and a sickly, stricken spirit is the heaviest pain."

Long time the two sat quietly together: it struck eight. Gellert started up, and cried irritably: "There, now, you have allowed me to forget that I must be on my way to college."

"The vacation has commenced: Mr. Professor has no lecture to-day."

"No lecture to-day? Ah! and I believe it is exactly to-day when I could have told my young friends something profitable for their whole lives."

There was a shuffling of many feet outside the door: the door opened, and several boys from St. Thomas' School-choir advanced and sang to Gellert some of his own hymns; and as they chanted the verse—

> "And haply there—oh! grant it, Heaven!
> Some blessed saint will greet me too;
> 'All hail! all hail! to you was given
> To save my life and soul, to you!'
> Oh God! my God! what joy to be
> The winner of a soul to thee!"

Gellert wept aloud, folded his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven.

A happier Christmas than that of 1768 had Gellert never seen; and it was his last. Scarcely a year after, on the 13th of December, 1769, Gellert died a pious tranquil death, such as he had ever coveted.

As the long train which followed his bier moved to the churchyard of St. John's, Leipzig, a peasant with his wife and children in holiday-clothes entered among the last. It was Christopher with his family. The whole way he had been silent: and whilst his wife wept passionately at the pastor's touching address, it was only by the working of his features that Christopher showed how deeply moved he was.

But on the way home he said: "I am glad I did him a kindness in his lifetime; it would now be too late."

The summer after, when he built a new house, he had placed upon it, as an inscription, this verse:—

"Accept God's gifts with resignation,
Content to lack what thou hast not:
In every lot there's consolation;
There's trouble, too, in every lot."

THE STEP-MOTHER.

THE STEP-MOTHER,

A TALE.

TWO NATURES TOGETHER AND IN ONE.

ULL harmless as the dove, and wise as the serpent, were the Baker-at-the-Steps and his wife; *i. e.* he was wise, and she was harmless; and he was so wise that he sometimes actually ordered himself according to her harmlessness. For instance, when he was going to set about anything after his tricksy fashion, he often informed himself what straightforwardness and simplicity would think about it; and he hadn't far to go for his information, he had only to ask his wife. He then either followed her advice because straightforwardness was the wisest, or he took his measures so that the claims of straightforwardness were at the same time

included in his arrangement. So that people said, the Baker-at-the-Steps was incomprehensible; sometimes his plans were like a field full of mouse-holes, and sometimes all was as open and free from guile as if he had no idea what cunning meant. And he passed for seven times as cunning as he was, for of course people didn't know how cleverly he could employ the honest simplicity of his wife. The Baker-at-the-Steps was well to do; people, however, gave him out to be rich; and, strange to say, as men become good or bad because they are so considered, so it happens also that men become rich because they are so considered, particularly when they can take advantage of this opinion of the world, as the Baker-at-the-Steps could. At the same time he was particularly modest towards small folks, though, on the other hand, he was very dignified towards great. However, there were not many of the latter sort. Even the owner of the paper-mill, the richest and therefore the greatest man in the neighbourhood, whose son was a district-magistrate—even the old paper-mill owner, I say, the Baker-at-the-Steps treated courteously not because he considered him a great man, but because he considered him a little one. Of course, however, he had no need to tell him so to his face, and so the saying went abroad, that both towards high and low there was not a more courteous man than the Baker-at-the-Steps. "When I was still market-boy," was his expression for many years; then, however, it changed to, "When I was fruit-measurer." The Baker-at-the-Steps had filled both offices, before he had made himself Baker-at-the-Steps, and the town made him Town-councillor. He liked telling the story how, when he was a lad of sixteen, and as strong as a sapling, he had come into the town, and had helped in the corn-market to load and unload the sacks, and carry them to and fro, and how glad he had been to receive two kreuzers for the carriage of six sacks. Then he liked to tack on to that how he had become sworn fruit-measurer, how at last the old Steps-baker had had him enrolled as apprentice, and how he had got on by degrees from a beggar-boy to something.

It must be acknowledged, such frequent relations did him good; you could see it in his contented tone and in the whole manner in which he described the details.

It was not only a feeling of satisfaction at repose after past labours, it was also thankfulness for the course of his destiny, united with a proud self-complacency. And then, such talking was wise as well. By himself telling what he had been, and what he had become, he gained honour; had he been silent and let it ooze out through others, there would have been no lack of malicious and envious insinuations. As often as he mentioned in this place or that how matters had gone with him in his distress, the small folks were grateful to him for placing himself on an equality with them, and the great folks praised his modesty, and were glad to be able to show him by their favour how high he had advanced.

For they, the great men, put themselves on an equality with him.

The Administrator of Finance often called for him on his stroll from the town to the ale-house; aye, sometimes he sat with the Baker-at-the-Steps, or looked out of the window, as he smoked a pipe with him, and was glad to have it appear what high honour was reflected upon the house thereby. Still you couldn't find a more comfortable house than that of the Baker-at-the-Steps. Be it remarked in passing, it was built on the stone staircase called "the Steps," which led from the upper town to the lower, if you didn't want to go the carriage-way to the Crown and Post-Office. The house of the Baker-at-the-Steps was what people call a thoroughfare-house; the staircase which led to the sitting-room served also for a public way. In the sitting-room there was always an air of comfort; the smell of fresh bread made a stoppage at the place almost nutritious, and the countenance of the mistress of the house looked as though it had "God bless it" always inscribed upon it.

They say that in famine-times a loaf of bread of the same weight has not the same nourishment as in a plentiful year. It may be,

perhaps, that the nourishing matter therein is less developed ; still there is something besides which cannot be weighed and measured, and that is the universal blessing which works the wonder of food which satisfies with a little. So it was with every one who bought a loaf of the Bakeress-at-the-Steps ; it was as though by the manner

in which she handed it over, and nodded at the same time, she made a peculiar blessing rest upon it, so that it was much more nourishing than other bread from other people. She was economical also for strange people. When So-and-So or So-and-So wanted new-baked

bread, she would not give it; and if she were much pressed, she said inwardly, "God forgive my sins!" and protested aloud, "I have only stale, and you will see that it is more nourishing." To a woman who insisted with all her might upon having new bread, she called out once, "We only bake yesterday's!" and this witticism caused much laughing in the town.

From her seat by the little sash-window, the Bakeress-at-the-Steps obtained a knowledge of the world, which continually made her more and more amiable, good-natured, and gentle. However, she had already a good foundation to work upon, for she was the daughter of the model-teacher Straubenmüller, a noble and high-souled being, who, exactly because he entered so warmly and so heartily into everything, was doomed to an early death. It sounds strange perhaps, but the title "model-teacher" is no ironical appellation, but a real, expressed title in ———.

A primary school had been erected in the town with numerous classes, and the appellation "model-school" had been given to it. Although, generally speaking, it was not noted for the production of model-men, the daughter of the model-teacher was worthy of her father and his calling. It was no slight matter in her favour, that she married the *ci-devant* fruit-measurer, and without any pride lived quite happily with him. She let people talk as they pleased about a girl so well brought up, and so cultivated, marrying a man who was hardly above a day-labourer. She understood his manliness; and it was just this esteem of his wife which in all his undertakings supported the eventual Baker mightily, and he remained thankful to her for it all his days, though, after his peculiar fashion, he expressed it thus: "Yes, my wife is the slyest of the sly; she purchased me on spec: she calculated well, too, for she knew that in a few years I should rise in price and be worth treble." She was always silent and modest withal. The Baker often called her his house-clock; "it hangs on the wall, goes on quietly, doesn't tell everybody what happens, but when you look at it, tells you what o'clock it is." The

Bakeress, however, knew what o'clock had struck among others also. How many people of all grades came to her, and stopped a shorter or longer time before her window! She attended many on their path through life; particularly on servant-maids she kept a watchful eye. It appeared as though she could read their faces; and many an observation, which she dropped casually in their hearing, saved one girl or another from error. She bound people to her by giving them some commission which was to be executed in passing; half the town was thus in her service, and confided in her without reserve. Folks had conferred favours upon her, and so were willing enough to ask her help and counsel. She was the secret hirer of servants, and could find out very cleverly what this girl or that was good for; and yet—it was quite wonderful—she tolerated no loitering when they came to fetch bread; in a moment down came the window, and said: "The conversation is over." And the gold cap-fringe on the back of her head, which alone was now visible through the pane, seemed almost to say, "Speech is silver; silence is gold."

Till within a few years the Bakeress had had nothing but happiness and joy in her household. Her only daughter was married to the oil-mill owner in the valley, and lived in peace and comfort, and her only son was host of the Crown in the little town, just in the corner of the market-place, where every vehicle that comes from the mountain is obliged to pull up, and take off the drag. That was not unprofitable for mine host's business, and her son's wealth and prosperity were multiplied. It was seldom, however, that the Bakeress came to the Crown, and it was always made a festival when she did: on these occasions she never went into the bar, but sat in the back-parlour with her daughter-in-law and the two children, and took it very kindly, though protesting against it, that they made stronger coffee than usual for Grandmother. The Baker's wife preferred being at home; and when, as was always the case, she went nicely dressed to the Crown, the fruit-women who vended their goods on the other side of the street looked knowingly at one another, and

every face grew brighter to which she nodded a greeting. For about two years, however, the Baker's wife had been often sad, for the hostess of the Crown, who was her niece too, was dead; and her niece's eldest child, a daughter at that time seven years old, whose name was Ernestine, had been taken by her grand-parents to live with them. The father had kept his son, a child of two years, with him, and the Baker's wife had given up to her son, as housekeeper, a relation who had lived with her twenty years.

While the Baker's wife continually sorrowed for her niece's death, her husband's sole thought and endeavour was how to help his son to another wife, and indeed such a one as would enhance the lustre of the family; so that, as the Baker always desired, a new wing might be added to the Crown, and the Bear, the Lamb, the Horse, and the Eagle, *i. e.* the inns so called, be ruined. A niece of the paper-mill owner seemed the most proper, and the paper-mill owner himself had once alluded to the subject, and it was not for nothing that, instead of joining the company at the Post, he went so often of an evening to the Crown; but neither mine host of the Crown nor his mother entertained the idea, when the Baker spoke of it. Mine host of the Crown didn't mean to marry again; he wouldn't make his children step-children. It is a common saying, that married folks in course of time become alike; it was not the case here. The Baker was lank, overgrown, and sharp-boned—everything seemed to turn to bone in him; his upper lip showed no red, whilst the under protruded rather; all his features were sharply defined: his wife, on the contrary, was round, plump, and comfortable. But, in spite of their outward and inward differences, they lived peaceably together, and with careful scrutiny you might discover many points of similarity between them. The Baker's back-room throughout the neighbourhood went by the name of the Baker's-chambers, for the Baker was what is called a lawyer by nature, and he made a profitable practice by this talent; there was not often an action in the whole district, which had not first come before his judgment-

seat; and as with his wife, so with him—there was a saying of his in everybody's mouth: "Rather tell me what your opponent says." It happened, of course, as every attorney has experienced over and over again, that a client stated the case to him in such a way that nothing in the world could be clearer than that he was in the right, and it appeared incomprehensible how there could be any doubt and dispute about the matter.

At such times the Baker often said to the applicant: "What use is it, you rascal, deceiving me? Tell me rather what your opponent has to bring forward, then I can advise you better. Just put yourself for once in the other man's position, and then see what you can and cannot ask."

That was certainly rather hard. There are but few men who can at all—and even these few can only seldom—treat themselves as utter strangers, examine themselves with the eye of another; and this is all comprehended in that grand saying:—"Know thyself." Knock at your own door; call for once upon yourself as though you were a stranger: see what a strange request that is! First, you must believe that you do not know yourself, and not till then can you know yourself. From the lawsuits and their discussions at the Baker's, therefore, proceeded often something more than the mere settlement of 'meum' and 'tuum.' The renunciation of a claim often became the giving up of an opinion. The Baker thus became also often the peace-maker, and he bore at such times an odd sort of sceptre; that was nothing more or less than a fly-flapper, which he handled so dexterously that he could flank off a fly from the rim of a glass without upsetting the glass; and that requires no ordinary skill. When, then, a dogmatical, stubborn litigator was for pursuing a right to the last tittle, and scorned all compromise, the Baker often said:—"Look you; you can't flank off every fly, you must let some escape." And he had the satisfaction of arranging many a dispute ere it came before the lawful magistrate.

The Baker had also a snuff-box, with which he did much execu-

tion; it was really a playing-box, although it performed no music. The snuff therein was always fresh, but the Baker took no snuff himself; he only used his box for the purpose of gaining, thereby, all manner of lucky pauses for himself and others. When he bestowed a few taps upon it with his right-hand forefinger, then opened the box, and played awhile with a pinch, as he held the box quietly in his left hand, and let the pinch drop through the thumb and finger of his right, it seemed as if he gained outwardly what he required inwardly,—rest on the one side, and telling deliberation on the other; and when he at last gradually brought the pinch towards his nose, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, threw away the particles, and briskly addressed his visitor, all that was clever shamming on purpose to get time for deliberation, and gain an advantage. At times, too, he succeeded in cooling a heated antagonist by quietly holding out to him the open box: indeed, this was often a means of uniting once more refractory adversaries. No one, not even his own wife, knew how useful that snuff-box was.

People often told the Baker that he ought to get licensed to keep an inn, and his house would be one of the most frequented in the neighbourhood; but on that point he was perfectly agreed with his wife, that it couldn't be. She maintained, for instance, that she couldn't become a hostess; she would then have no house of her own any more, and she felt as if she would as soon live in the street. Now, every one who entered her parlour was obliged

to greet her courteously; but if she kept an inn, she, on the contrary, would be obliged to come forward and be polite, even though she were not inclined. The Baker, on the other hand, did not go so far or so deep for his reasons; still he was quite of the same mind as his wife. He desired simply to be no obstacle to his son, and he discovered a clever means of becoming actually useful to him. While it was an agreeable thing in itself to the Baker to have a son a landlord in the town, a species of publicity, so to speak, in which one is still at home,—one can go into the inn, and yet be at home, can demand attendance as a guest, and deference as a relation,—he availed himself of the fact to still further profit. He had, both in summer and in winter, his regular hours at which he was to be found at the Crown; and when any one inquired for him, he was told, "He is at the Crown at such and such a time;" and he gave public audiences there, and when it was desired, private too in a particular little room. There was seldom anything amiss with the wine-sale at the Crown on the conclusions of bargains; and plenty of Johannisberg was drunk on occasions of peaceable reconciliations. Yes: a considerable portion of his own business—for he drove an improving fruit trade near the bakery—did the Baker transfer to the Crown, which not only brought his son all manner of profitable trade, but also made him more attentive to his father's business, for which he would otherwise never have properly fitted himself; for mine host of the Crown had inherited somewhat of the quiet, tender nature of his mother, or, as the Baker called it,—"of the stay-at-home model-teacher."

Mine host of the Crown had been a year at the Seminary, but his father knew better than to leave him to a "beggar's livelihood," as he called it; and it was a harsh speech which the son never forgot, when his father said school-teachers were the step-children of the world. A story, too, of mine host of the Crown had got abroad, which vexed him much. He had, once

upon a time, when he wanted to buy a considerable quantity of horse-hair, unfortunately always said horses' hairs; and malicious people made up a whole story about it. They told how that mine host of the Crown had asked a peasant,—"Have you any horses?" "Why?" "I should like to purchase their hairs." This story was, of course, readily listened to, and it was no use for mine host to protest; many an errand-boy thought himself mighty grand as he asked: "Will you buy any horses' hairs?" *

That was all forgotten long ago, but a real awkwardness in mixing with the world, and mighty struggles to overcome this, gave mine host enough to do. He had, so to speak, a High Dutch style of thought, and too keen a sensibility. In buying and selling he could not practise deceit; on the contrary, he was easily over-reached, and every piece of dishonesty, nay, even every piece of rudeness, always surprised him afresh. His father often said to him: "You are only fit for your mother's counter, and not for the world out here. You are one of the people who walk about in the world so lost in their own thoughts, that every dog which howls unexpectedly makes their hearts leap to their mouths! Keep your eyes open, and you'll find that many dogs are tied up, many only bark and don't bite, and, should one come to biting, you're strong enough, you can defend yourself."

Because mine host readily and honestly confessed his own failings, the Baker only considered him still weaker and more in need of guidance than he really was; for sharp, anti-penitential natures consider those who frankly acknowledge their faults, weak and contemptible. Thus mine host was prompted to dependence upon his father, which filial affection and mistrust of his own powers rendered well-pleasing to him. The Baker, on his part, wished to strengthen his son, especially as, since his wife's death,

* The joke appears to be poor enough in the original: "Rosshaar," I believe, is *all the hair*; "Pferde-haare," simply the hair of the mane and tail of a horse. —TRANS.

he had been quite lost, and would have readily allowed himself to be ordered about in the smallest matters. His father hurried him from business to business, on purpose to divert his mind; yet was, at the same time, particularly gentle. When the son himself complained that he had done this or that awkwardly, his father consoled him, and argued him out of it. He laboured with all his might to strengthen his son, that he might qualify him for the great plans which he had in view.

It was autumn when his father, one evening, after all the guests had gone, said to his son: "You must be off early to-morrow to the Brisgau,* and take care to have lentils, and beans, and hemp; you can then look about you leisurely for flax and clover-seed, and Indian corn."

The son would have made objections, but his father had already thought of these, and easily over-ruled them. He took upon himself to look after the inn, as he always did; and next morning, long before day, mine host of the Crown stood, while his horses were being put to before the house, by the bedside of his little son, and tears stood in his eyes: when the little fellow had his nightcap on, he was so like her who was dead. . . .

The fresh morning breeze soon cleared mine host's thoughts; and as the sun rose, and stood flashing in the heaven, while the earth was so refreshingly laden with fruits, and his two horses stepped so bravely along the road, mine host felt all at once quite light at heart. He abused himself inwardly for always relapsing into soft-heartedness; and allowed his father to be right in denying him the quality of manly confidence. It should be otherwise. As if he were therewith taking himself in hand, he gathered up his horses' reins, and, with a crack of his whip, drove on. The world is even yet fresh, and, even at the worst, it is no use giving way, whatever the day may bring forth; and

* The Brisgau—on the eastern bank of the Rhine: the principal places in this territory are Old Brisach, New Brisach, and Freiburg.

his children are just beginning their walk of life, and stand in need of a strong-minded father.

He smiled quietly as he thought his boy was just getting up, and soon his little sister would come to fetch him to Grandmother. It seemed wonderful to him that he should stay so much at home; he seemed to himself strange, lonely, and dissevered, while the

horses were drawing him far away into the world. He looked hard as children met him who were going with their school-bags to school, for it struck him how he had once himself wanted to devote himself to teaching. He would, at this moment, have been sitting yonder, very likely, waiting for the children; and now he was driving along with a pair of stately horses. He

nodded to the teacher, who was looking out of the window, and the teacher took off his cap: he thought, no doubt, an acquaintance was greeting him—perhaps even some one high in office. "Yes, father shall not say any more—'You're not fit for a life in the world, where one wrestles with another, in buying and selling, for the advantage.'" That's the character, certainly, of the old host of the Crown; but here is a new, a different one, who will show the world what he can do, and that it is not for nothing he is the son of that man who has the reputation of being the cleverest man in his neighbourhood, and is so too. . . .

"What's in your wagon?"

"Wheat."

"Sold?"

"No."

"How much a sack?"

"The market-price."

"Good: we shall meet again in the town."

Such was the laconic conversation which mine host of the Crown, pulling up his horses, carried on with a peasant, who was driving a heavy load towards the town; and now he "tchick'd" with his tongue, the horses stepped out, and he drove quickly off. The peasant looked wonderingly after that man, so impudently bold, and the light which he was just about applying to his pipe he dropped beside him, so that he sprang up and searched a while to see that he hadn't set his cart on fire. Still, as he went along, he frequently shook his head after the man who had acted just as though he would say, "Who cares for the world?"

The clouds in the heaven are not more fleeting and unsettled than the thoughts of men, especially of those who carry something heavy at their hearts and battle with it, at one time rising above it, at another sinking beneath it. Night and day alternate in their

spirits, imperceptibly and gradually one melts into the other, and it cannot be discerned how one becomes the other, and on a sudden it is night, and on a sudden it is day. The host of the Crown, who had set out to drive a profitable bargain, was thus at one time yielding, and immediately afterwards grasping; impenetrable, and then self-conscious. He bought, in fact, about a hundred sacks of wheat, and he hadn't come out at all to buy wheat; but his father should see that he could trade on his own account, and that should become manifest more and more.

A DIFFICULT CUSTOMER.

IN the Brisgau there was a report that there was nothing more to be done in pulse—Mr. Goldstumpf of Freiburg had bought it all up: and mine host of the Crown was now so daring, that he drove straight to Freiburg, to see whether he couldn't rid Mr. Goldstumpf of some of his booty. That was certainly a very bold venture. Nobody had ever yet gained an advantage over Goldstumpf, except when Mr. Goldstumpf sucked out thereby a still greater one for himself. To get on smoothly with him, it was always the most advisable to trade with money in the one hand, and goods in the other; for in any other case you never failed to get entangled, what with oral and written agreements, in a lawsuit, unless you would allow yourself directly to be overreached. The Baker had a lawsuit pending with him from the past year. Goldstumpf's proper name was Fridolin Stumpf: he had acquired the addition to his name, because he was one of the richest men in the country, and liked to boast of it. Besides, however, he had the name Suwarrow; for he wore large riding-boots, which reached to the knee, hung with a tassel in front, and people called them "Suwarrows." He dressed after the mode which prevailed at the commencement of our century; and particularly noticeable was his double neckerchief, a white, and a black

one over it, so that the white one looked like the edge of a collar. There were many people, however, who would willingly have tied his neckerchief considerably tighter for him, or rather would have liked somebody else to do it. He had been a small beer-house keeper in the town: in the war-time, however, he had suddenly grown to great estate; it was said that he had been a French spy and certainly he went in and out among the foreigners as though he was one of them; and soon he received large orders for the supply of the armies—oats, meat, and shoeing, whereby he gained something considerable; of course, not always in the honestest manner. Still, he obtained his most considerable property from the sequestration of the convents, whereby he received their goods as spoil of war, according to the phraseology at that time.

We must not omit to mention that the memory of these antecedents would have passed away, had not Goldstumpf, by his harsh relentless dealing in every instance of his taking possession, drawn public attention upon himself. He had mortgages upon many houses in the town, and was always talking of removing to Switzerland; but by degrees more houses fell into his own hands, he could not get rid of them, and he treated his tenants with extreme severity. Still, he set his mind upon once more becoming respected in the town. He wouldn't be driven away, and he would not remove until he regained his reputation. But in that he did not succeed,

and now he remained there for fun. He wanted to break people's hearts by showing them how well he got on, and how he was always getting richer. He succeeded in that, but himself and his family were none the happier. He walked continually accompanied by a great dog, a brute well suited to his master: for he was often at night beset by men whom he had reduced to misery; and soon indeed his dog was his only companion. It was commonly reported that in an important family-suit he had perjured himself. The story then went on to say, that his wife could not bear the idea of his taking the oath; and as he did take it, and his wife soon after drowned herself at the upper mill in the Dreisam, it was plain that, broken-hearted at his perjury, she had put an end to herself. Now he lived with his three children, two sons and one daughter, alone.

By and by Goldstumpf once more made acquaintances, who drank with him and joined in all kinds of conversation. They were partly parasites, and partly people to whom it is indifferent how and with whom they pass their time. Very often Goldstumpf felt that he was only respected by those people who must be indifferent to him or contemptible; and that those shunned him whose respect alone, openly showed, could be of any use to him. But, as happens in higher and lower situations, he forgot all that, and congratulated himself that people paid him reverence. Suppose he knew that they only shammed their admiration, what of that? That they even gave themselves the trouble to sham, was sufficient evidence of his power.

'Tis a hard saying, "The sin of the father is visited upon the children," and it really is hard, but it rests with the children to decide how this visitation is to be accomplished. The trampling under foot of the moral laws which they have before their eyes can plunge them into still deeper ruin, make them still more wicked, or the contrary: they take the evil to heart; it is a hard chastisement, but straightforward acknowledgment and an unbending will give release from the very heaviest. It is always painful to sever

oneself from the source of one's being, or to labour for its purification ; and yet that is a penalty which is not wanting even in the best of conditions.

The eldest son of Goldstumpf had played such loose and dangerous pranks, that his father had taken him secretly to the Rhine, put him on board a vessel, and sent him to America. The second son had caused his father trouble of another description, by marrying a young neighbour of no family, who was so poor that he had been obliged to buy her wedding-dress. It was not until after a long trial before the judges, that Goldstumpf gave up to his son his maternal inheritance ; and, as if for aggravation's sake towards the father, the young man's warehouse was always patronised by the whole town, and people in every possible manner distinguished the young merchant and his equally modest as pretty wife. Fourteen years had now passed since the father had exchanged a word with his son ; and as for his daughter-in-law and grand-daughter, he had scarcely ever had a glimpse of them.

Now he lived alone with his only daughter in a large house in Gau Street, which had formerly been part of a convent, and his daughter was as quiet and retired as though she had actually been in a convent. Many persons pretended that Goldstumpf was not so rich as he appeared : he had too many occupations ; and it is a true proverb, though too little known, "Callings various, gains precarious."

It could not be clearly ascertained how matters stood with him, and what people at any rate wished for him was once expressed by a picture which suddenly became circulated upon the snuff-boxes. There was written beneath it, "Suwarrow's end," and Goldstumpf was depicted thereon to the life, sitting upon his dog. He immediately bought up all he could lay hands on ; but it was of no use, for there were already several secured, and soon they reappeared in greater numbers, and then he did what he might have done at first, —laughed at the malicious trick, which was soon forgotten.

Much of what was known about Goldstumpf, embellished with all kinds of fabulous additions, now came into mine host's head as he drove to Freiburg. But when he from Zähringen looked upon the taper spire of the Cathedral, there flashed across his mind a recollection of an old chum living there. Yonder, not far from the magnificent building, dwells Gessler, who worked two years with the Baker-at-the-Steps as journeyman; he settled here as a master-baker. How rejoiced he will be at the rencontre! "He will no doubt have accommodation for you and the horses," thought mine host.

The master-baker by the Cathedral was easily discovered: he lived by the Exchange, just where you get a full view of the Cathedral with its three large and many small spires. As mine host drove up, it was just eight by the sun-dial, and it struck by the Cathedral-clock; and as mine host of the Crown drove up to his house and stopped, the baker came to the house-porch. He looked tall and broad, and the clean shirt, which neither coat nor waistcoat concealed, appeared by contrast with his red braces still more brilliant. For some time he did not recognise mine host of the Crown, and then, throwing up his hands, he cried: "God bless me! is it you? Yes; it is mine host of the Crown, and no one else in the world is more welcome than you:—that is glorious, that is good!"

"What is the matter? what do you mean? I never saw you in such a state before in my life!" said mine host of the Crown to his chum, whose face beamed joy; "one would hardly know you, you are so changed."

"Yes, just consider, this very minute I have seen for the first time in the world mine own child. It is but a few minutes since my wife brought me a boy, a fine fellow, and I had scarcely seen him, when I heard you drive up, and ran out."

"Yes, yes, you look like it: the glance with which a man looks for the first time on his first child, is still upon your countenance. Oh, that is a happiness which never recurs: no, never! Is all safe; all well?"

"All as right as can be," the midwife says.

"Go in-doors," said mine host of the Crown, and gathered up the reins of his horses again, and prepared to mount; "go in and keep quiet: that is the most requisite now. I had intended staying with you, but now that cannot be; I will put up yonder at the 'Genius,' and come again towards evening. I mean to stop a few days here; I have business to transact."

"No, no, you mustn't go; I will put up your horses at my neighbour's, and there is plenty of room for you at my house. You shall be the first to sleep in our spare bed, and I cannot tell you how glad I am that you are with me. Look you; I am so devoted to you, so——"

The young strong man could say no more from inward emotion, and mine host of the Crown said: "I cannot help thinking it a good sign myself, that I should arrive just at this moment."

The baker then recovered his speech, and continued: "Therefore you must remain with me,—I must have some one with me; I I have already sent to Kirchzart to my mother. Oh that she were already come! I can't expect her yet: my nag is ill, and I have sent for another, and it will be a long while before my mother comes. It all happened so suddenly. An hour before my wife had been drinking coffee with me. Have you any feeling in you? Come in; it is all ready here, or soon will be."

"No, I will go to Kirchzart and fetch your mother. Send some one with me to point her out, should I meet her on the way. There, your journeyman can sit by my side."

"No, no: why send away my journeyman and you with him? why, I shall be still more alone!" retorted the baker; and mine host of the Crown was obliged to allow the journeyman to drive away with his trap, and himself went with his old chum into the parlour, and saw him give the first poor boy who came to buy bread, two large loaves, and two coffee-rolls, as they call them, of puff paste, and shake his head at the money he offered. Then the Cathedral-

baker ran round into the parlour, and seized everything, and didn't know what he wanted; he counted the prongs on the upright grate at the oven, on which they placed the boards with the allowance of paste—he counted both as if he didn't know how many there were; and soon, as though some one had suddenly ordered him, he put a large basket of rolls from the table on to the stand, and then from the stand on to the table again. Nothing would do but mine host of the Crown must himself see the young mother and the young arrival. Mine host complied reluctantly and cautiously, brought his chum back again into the parlour, and bade him now reflect quietly upon his happiness and not disturb the mother and child.

The young master-baker said he was as tired as though he had run to-day up and down the mountain, and yet he couldn't sit quietly on his chair, and was always listening at the bed-chamber; and when the purchasers came with their kreuzers and groschen and knocked at the window, he signed to them to be quiet, and as often as a poor man came he would take no money for his bread. Mine host of the Crown tried to hinder him by warning him that he ought to wait a while before he did this; for if he did so to-day, he would have in an hour's time all the beggars in the town before his window, and his wife and child would have no rest, of which they were now so much in need.

The two friends sat quietly together, and with peculiar shyness the Freiburger asked at last after mine host's business. He made answer with equal reserve: for it is the strange part of business intercourse that, especially among such as follow the same trade and pursue the same calling, they observe a sort of understood caution. One holds it not right to question the other more closely, and the other considers himself not bound to give explicit answers.

Soon the Freiburger's mother came, and brought a little grandchild with her, a boy of four years, whom she could not suffer to be away from her. The Freiburger now committed everything to his

mother, and dressed himself properly, for the baker would not go to the market except properly dressed.

It was time for the two friends to be at the corn-market.

"I don't know how it is," said the Freiburger as they walked, "I feel as if the world were all changed: I have a boy at home, and all seems so strange to me, and I should like so much to tell everybody! Tell me, what do you want to buy, that we may not oppose one another?"

"I want to buy and sell. I should like to get pulse, and I have wheat to get rid of should the price suit me."

"And I want to buy wheat."

"You can ascertain what is the current price."

Mine host of the Crown felt himself in particularly good humour to-day—he had found a friend in happiness and comfort, not to omit that he had evidently made a favourable purchase; and with a satisfaction he had never yet known, he took here and there from the open sacks a handful of corn, weighed it carefully in his hand, and hurried away again to the throng.

Mine host of the Crown transferred to his friend what he had purchased on the road, and he even succeeded so far that his loss and gain were as nearly as possible equal. This self-won advantage gave mine host still more confidence. He was bold enough to go straight to Goldstumpf's house. It was a long while before he could open the great gate; and when he got inside, he saw heavy padlocks upon the iron doors. Goldstumpf was away.

"When will he be back?" asked mine host of an old servant he saw in the entrance-hall. She went into the parlour, and mine host heard a clear maiden's voice answer from within: "My father will be away eight or ten days."

The voice interested mine host amazingly; and when the old servant came back, he said: "Is that the daughter of the house of whom you inquired?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Cannot I go in and speak with her?"

"No, why? what do you want?" said the voice from within.

"I only wished to ask where your father is, and whether I could not perhaps find him out. I have my own conveyance with me!

An odd laugh resounded within, which had reference no doubt to the last remark, by which mine host wished to make it appear, that he was not the sort of man to be kept waiting before the door like a beggar. And with the laugh came an answer again from within: "My father is in Lenzkirch."

"Very well; I will go to him."

"Stay, you can take something for him with you. There are his fur-gloves which he has forgotten;" and the door was slightly opened, and from the aperture a pair of gloves, trimmed with foxes' fur, was held out to mine host; but he saw nothing of the holder. With a laugh he said through the aperture: "Suppose now I were to run off with the gloves!" and softly and quite close by him the answer came: "Then is your voice deceitful, for you have the voice of an honest man." Mine host could not help laughing aloud, and his laugh was echoed from within.

He left the house and stood awhile in silence before it; it was as if he had come from an enchanted castle, so wonder-smitten was he: but he had the gloves trimmed with foxes' fur in his hand, and all wonder was at an end.

Next morning mine host set off again, and promised to return after a few days. He had told his friend nothing of what had happened to him.

In Lenzkirch he found Goldstumpf directly, for he drove all kinds of trade with the watchmakers: in fact, there was nothing by which money was to be made to which he did not turn his hand. He passed a good deal of his time too in the inn, and was talkative and condescending; he liked particularly to tell stories of the war-times. He had the credit of understanding how to dress up and spin his stories excellently. Altogether, if you could overlook the fact that Goldstumpf loved nothing but himself and money, you might have called him a really pleasant and agreeable man; and so he was too, as long as it was a mere question of conversation. Quite a different person, however, was he as soon as he came to business; then his clumsy powerful frame appeared almost agile, his broad head, deep-set between his shoulders, became erect, and the powerful, brawny hand with its large signet-ring appeared to every opponent irresistibly inclined to clutch.

Mine host of the Crown had wavered much upon the road as to

whether he should tell Goldstumpf that he had come on his account or not. In the latter case he must belie the gloves, and in fact it was the most prudent course to abide by the simple truth. Mine host had some of his mother's nature herein, that he felt himself shaky whenever an action was to be founded upon untruth or deceit; he felt himself strong, firm, and knowing, only when he went straightforwardly to work, and on this occasion it was a considerable advantage to him. Goldstumpf liked very much to make out that he was known and sought out far and wide; and when mine host of the Crown, who was tall and substantial-looking, said in the coffee-room that he had undertaken a long journey to transact some business with him, he smiled quietly, tapped his Suwarrow boot with his riding-whip according to his custom, and with his other hand stroked his dog's head; then cast his eye over the whole room where the business people and others sat, that they might carry away the fame of him as a man in much request. Goldstumpf seemed to hold mine host in peculiar favour, but it was really ostentation which made him drive with the stranger to a country house in the neighbourhood which belonged to him, and made him explain to him generally the extent of his transactions.

"So you are from Rottweil?" was his first question to mine host; and this being answered in the affirmative, he continued: "Then you know the Baker-at-the-Steps?"

"Of course, quite well."

"And he will learn to know me pretty well, too: I am at law with him, and the case will soon be decided."

Mine host didn't feel bound to say at once that he was the Baker's son: he thought he would put it off to a favourable opportunity, but, strange to say, this opportunity never came, and mine host of the Crown, who had intended to deal quite openly with Goldstumpf, had already a concealment from him, and was growing gradually so accustomed to it that it disturbed him no more.

It is a sad truth that evil natures corrupt those also who come

in contact with them. The falsehood even, with which one faces such and such a person in not giving him plainly to understand what opinion one has of him, breeds a confusion in the soul; and it often happens that while inwardly fearful of blundering out with the expression of one's own real opinion, one attempts all kinds of apologies for errors, and paints in particularly strong colours all kinds of illustrations of the good points. Thus it easily happens that the inward contempt is changed as though by force to an outward expression of esteem. The honest man feels he is playing false, but cannot help himself, and is conscious that virtue has gone out of him. The inward horror which one has for wrong is often accompanied with an indefinite feeling of anger at having yielded partially to it, and at having now lost the right of which at first one wilfully made no use.

It was exactly thus with mine host of the Crown, on evidently perceiving that he must have given Goldstumpf to believe that he respected him highly; whereas exactly the contrary was the case. As often as he was with him, he was, as it were, stupefied and intoxicated; as soon, however, as he had time for reflection with himself alone, he was inwardly ill at ease. Every day he made up his mind to go, and yet could not: it was a strange magic circle, in which he had become confined. Goldstumpf managed under various pretexts to take mine host about with him for several days, and mine host hoped in consequence of this familiarity to be able to conclude a clever bargain, which would be followed by many others. When at last they returned to Freiburg, Goldstumpf put such an unusually high price on, that mine host was obliged to go away empty: in fact, Goldstumpf had found out from mine host how buying and selling went in other quarters, he had had a pleasant fellow-traveller for many days, and now he might go home empty, and Goldstumpf laughed in his sleeve.

INE host of the Crown returned in ill-humour to his friend, whom he found this time quite crestfallen, although his wife was now pretty well, and was sitting in the large arm-chair. "What is the matter? what is the matter with you?" said mine host.

"Why, the baby has brought me a second baby, and embittered my life," said the Cathedral-baker.

"I should like to know how?" said the wife, with a voice trembling with passion.

"There, mine host of the Crown shall decide," cried the Cathedral-baker.

"Nothing of the kind; settle it alone with your wife. I will know nothing about it," answered mine host.

"Nay, you may as well hear," said the wife, with a suddenly tranquil, clear tone. "I wanted a dear friend of mine for godmother for my child; and because he doesn't want her, he says I embitter his life."

"I will have nothing to do with the family," cried the baker passionately, "or with anybody belonging to the house: I am one of the youngest burghers in the town, and I can't alter what all the guild and myself into the bargain couldn't. No single creature will

have anything to do with them; and you only do it out of aggravation. Why, people will say I'm leagued with them, and I shall lose all my credit."

"Ha! who is it, pray," asked mine host, "whom you want for godmother?"

"The best soul in the world," answered the *accouchée;* "goodness itself, the truest of hearts! How can she help it, if her father is not respected?"

"Eh! who is it then?"

"Goldstumpf's daughter,"

"Indeed!" said mine host, with slow enunciation: and the baker broke in with, "There, you see! he is a stranger, far away from Freiburg, and yet see how astonished he is, how he changes colour at the idea of asking a man to give his first child such a godmother. I won't say anything against her; she may be an angel for all I know, only she is Goldstumpf's daughter:—who will stand godfather with her? Nobody; not a beggar in the streets."

"Oho! don't be so vehement. If the christening were to be to-morrow, I could tell you of a godfather."

"A proper godfather, no doubt!"

"I don't know—do you consider me proper?"

"What! you?" said the baker in amazement.

"Yes, I will stand godfather."

The baker for joy clapped mine host upon the back so heartily that he writhed again; but by way of recompense, the happy father added, "Yes, it is so; you have some of your mother in you! Wife, haven't I often and often said, the Bakeress-at-the-Steps is the best of women as far as bread is baked? And you, host, are not quite so good, but you have a bit of her! Now, it's settled; the christening is to-morrow, and you must stop here: we have your promise, and you can't back out. I'll go straight and ask Goldstumpf's daughter to be godmother."

"Goldstumpf's daughter?" said his mother.

"When mine host of the Crown will stand with her, I can have no objection. Mother, bring my Sunday coat and my hat, and then I'll call on my way home at the minister's, and the butcher down there has just killed a calf; I'll order a piece of him for roasting. Our bake-oven is heated; in an hour the joint might be put in, or even to-morrow early. So, God bless you!" and away he ran, and wife, mother, and friend looked smilingly after him.

The *accouchée* now informed mine host of the Crown what an honest, noble-hearted creature Goldstumpf's daughter was: she was certainly, on her father's account, shunned by the world, but reconciled herself to it more and more, and indeed she was as wise as she was good. Mine host of the Crown paid great attention as she proceeded to say, "Could you hear anything better than what she once said to me? 'Come,' said she, 'do you know what is the greatest misfortune? To make too many claims. There sits an unhappy object, and waits and hopes, and demands of those who are well off to render some assistance, but in vain: those who are well off, take no thought thereof. Then, and not till then, you feel how forsaken you are, and you could be spiteful against the world, but still it is unjust.' Yes, mine host, I feel proud that she is my friend, and she has often laughed at me for being jealous of your mother."

"Of my mother?"

"Yes, understand me rightly, however. My husband, whatever happens, always says, 'The Bakeress-at-the-Steps does so-and-so: ah! there's not another woman in the world like her; and her housekeeping is so good, and one never sees how it is kept in order, one doesn't hear the mill rattle.' I put every day, as long as the season lasts, my fresh bouquet of flowers on the board with the new-bread: but then it is always, 'The Bakeress-at-the-Steps' is much prettier, and with her the flowers last for a week as fresh as when they were gathered.' God forgive me, one would really suppose she was a witch!"

Mine host laughed, and she continued, "Yes, I laugh now myself, when he cries up his old mistress; but that I can do so, is owing to Thaddea."

"Thaddea is her name?"

"Yes; why?"

"It is a pretty name. Tell me how she assisted you."

"By all means. 'Susan,' said she, 'congratulate yourself that your husband knows such an excellent woman. Don't depreciate her; you hurt him and yourself too. There is nothing better, no truer happiness than to know some one whom you respect from the bottom of your heart;' and—pardon my vanity—since then my husband has said once or twice, 'You will be a real Bakeress-at-the-Steps.' That is my highest praise! But when you come again in the summer, you must bring your mother with you."

"That cannot be; my mother scarcely ever leaves the house, much less the town—and then it is so far."

"Thaddea, too, would very much like to see her once. My husband says she is something like her; for when she is once here, he is polite to her and pleased with her. No one could look in her face and be spiteful. She looks so . . ."

"Well, how does she look?"

"You know Goldstumpf?"

"Yes."

"Very well. A student who was staying with us made a very good remark one day. 'You know,' said he, 'there are mirrors in one side of which you look quite natural, and in the other swelled up to the size of a bull's head; such a resemblance is there between Goldstumpf and Thaddea. It is the same countenance, but how different!'"

Mine host of the Crown couldn't help laughing aloud. He sat some time still where he was; then went round into the town to purchase a christening present for the young mother and the child. Whilst mine host was in the town, Thaddea arrived; and by her

appearance you would say that the comparison of the student, though malicious, was appropriate. The young mother had much to tell her of the tall and gentleman-like man who would stand godfather with her. She said, she had never believed before in the praise her husband bestowed upon the Bakeress-at-the-Steps; the son showed what the mother must be. She talked herself by degrees into extravagant praises of mine host of the Crown. Thaddea listened quietly, and said little. When at length she wished to depart, the baker's wife detained her, saying she must see the gentleman with whom she would stand sponsor the next day. When, however, it struck nine by the Cathedral-clock, and mine host had not yet made his appearance, Thaddea went away.

On the morrow, Thaddea and mine host of the Crown cast expressive looks at one another, and quickly withdrew their eyes again, as they saw on their return home with what new delight the mother clasped her child. The father held out to her her child, and eyes and arms were stretched forth to receive him, and first tremblingly, and then with fresh, happy delight the mother embraced her child. Her child had been into the world, separated from her, received into the fellowship of men and baptized, and now it was once more with her: and as a mother in her child embraces her own life, which hath severed itself from her, and which now she can clasp in her arms, so was it here when the child was for the first time restored to his mother. That happy glance, when the mother for the first time saw and clasped her child, was here renewed under higher auspices, unmixed with pain: and with a smile of self-complacent satisfaction the mother gave her breast to the little one restored.

Thaddea couldn't help giving the little boy whom grandmother nad brought with her, a hearty kiss.

All now went joyously at the Cathedral-baker's. At last they sat down to the christening dinner. Mine host of the Crown sat next to Thaddea, whose speech and actions were very modest and pleasing, but betrayed at the same time some shyness; for she felt

that a kindness was being shown her when she was invited to cheerful society, and still she felt very grateful that she had been chosen for the honour of sponsorship.

Mine host of the Crown elicited that Goldstumpf had set off early in the morning for Kenzingen: he immediately conjectured that he would at once forestall the hemp-market, of which he had imprudently given him information, but he said nothing about that; in fact, he didn't mention that he had had any transaction with him. He gazed upon Thaddea with a quiet smile: he had already spoken once with her without seeing her; and if it were possible to picture a person from a voice, she was just what he would have fancied. She was near the end of her twenties, and that comparison of the student struck him more and more as very appropriate. In Thaddea's manner of speaking, it was easy to see that she had not been accustomed to society; conversation was difficult to her, and she had none of those meaningless observations which are only used to show attention or prevent the conversation from dropping. What she said was to the point and natural, and sometimes she simply inclined her head.

It was even plain that it was not only when she was speaking or being spoken to that she was conversing.

The baker's mother indiscreetly introduced the topic, whether Thaddea's father were yet reconciled with his son who had married the poor seamstress. An attempt was made quickly to turn off the conversation, but Thaddea said, "The world will not believe it, but it is the case. My father, too, is sorry for his fourteen long years of misery; but he cannot retract, and I know no way of settling it, unless something extraordinary should happen. My heart is ready to break when I meet my brother and his wife and children, and yet cannot speak to them."

"I can easily imagine that," interrupted the baker.

"No, you cannot imagine it: whoever has not experienced something of the kind himself, can never know what it is: yonder they

go, and I have kind words to say to them, and they to me, and we cannot speak to one another. It must be like the feeling of one left for dead, who lies and hears the world around him, and yet can make no sign."

"Ah! let us now talk of other matters," said the baker's wife, who, after the manner of the more sanguine sort of women, liked to make herself and others believe, that a thing is forgotten as soon as it is concealed and put aside; and she continued,—"If I were in your place, Thaddea, I know what I would do: I should drive out with my father about the country, and not squat at home; you never will change your position."

"I am quite prepared," said Thaddea.

"Nay, that is not what I meant," returned the baker's wife; "you might if you would."

"But I've no wish." The conversation thus once diverted, returned no more to the old channel.

Mine host of the Crown amused himself with the little boy whom his grandmother had brought with her, and teased him with all kinds of boyish pranks.

"You are a proper godfather," said Thaddea; "you seem to be fond of children—that is a proof of a kind heart."

"With me, not particularly: I have just such a boy of my own at home, and he has, God help him! no mother living."

Thaddea's eye dilated, and over her countenance passed a strange fleeting expression, which the young mother alone noticed; it might be that Thaddea's face changed so wonderfully on that account, because the young mother looked so piercingly and strangely in her eyes. Thaddea meanwhile took up something from the table, and holding out to mine host of the Crown a pretty sugared cake, she said: "Give this to your boy with my love;" and quickly added hesitatingly, "I may send him something; you know we stood sponsors together."

"The father gets a pair of fur gloves, and the son a cake. You give queer presents," said mine host. To the astonishment of every-

body, Thaddea in particular, he told how he had already spoken to her, as if she had been in an enchanted castle, and she had given him a true-token. There was now much laughing, and everything, even the most natural word, was made to serve for a new joke. The whole company became so merry, the excuses which Thaddea offered being all turned to subjects for fresh raillery, and there being nothing but laughter and uproar in the room, that the grandmother took the convalescent to her room again, for fear she should suffer. Thaddea would have borne her company, but mine host of the Crown set on the little stranger, bidding him "hold her fast, and not let her go!" And Thaddea was obliged to remain in the room, and the raillery was renewed; but it soon changed to a different strain, for mine host of the Crown stood at the window with Thaddea, and talked with her on all kinds of topics. She was particularly affected when he said: "When I am away from home, and see children, I cannot tell you how it touches my heart. In earlier years, I couldn't bear little children, and my wife was quite right when she said to me, once upon a time: 'There you see again, we women are better than you men; you only like children when you have them of your own, but as for us, we can be quite happy, even with strange children. I could romp and play with them, and watch them and tend them the live-long day; but you men, when you have children, are tired of them in half an hour.' Oh! she was a clever, good creature! Yes, too good."

A pause ensued, and at last Thaddea said: "It seems to me, that people in your part of the world are much more enlightened than they are here. When I hear you talk in this way, I fancy you must have studied."

"I must take the praise intended for my neighbours, to myself. I have studied, or rather I might be said to have studied. I was a year at the Seminary."

"And why, sir,"—Thaddea suddenly said, "Sir,"—"did you give it up?"

"I am an only son, that is, I have only a sister, and my father was quite right; but when we know one another a little better, you will see that there is still a bit of the teacher in me."

"And in me too; had my father allowed it, I should have been a teacher."

"Then we have much in common. You are also an only daughter. If it were not for that wicked proverb!"

"Which?"

"Ladies, beware of an only son:
Let an only daughter be wooed and won!"

Twilight had set in: mine host of the Crown could not see what a flush spread over Thaddea's face; he only heard her breathing become more hurried, and after a while she said: "I didn't know the proverb. But, good heaven! there is eight o'clock striking; I must go home."

"Nay, stay a little longer. Who knows how long it may be ere we meet again?"

They both stood without speaking while eight o'clock was clashed with mighty strokes from the Cathedral-tower. When it had finished striking, mine host of the Crown asked: "How old are you?"

"Thirty," answered Thaddea, as if the strange question and open answer were a matter of course; and mine host of the Crown continued: "I should like to fancy to myself all that has passed with you during the years in which this clock has announced the hours."

"It is good," answered Thaddea, "that much should pass away and be no more, like the striking of a clock."

Again they were both silent for a longer time, and then mine host of the Crown said: "I am going back home to-morrow as early as possible. But perhaps I may return."

Again a longer pause, till Thaddea said: "What is your son's name?"

"Magnus."

"Well, kiss Magnus for me; and when you come again, I will send him something better."

"I take you at your word."

It had become late, and the old servant came with a lantern to fetch Thaddea home.

"Now you will give me a hand instead of a glove, will you not?" said mine host.

"Ah! think no more of that; good night, Mr. Godfather."

"Good night, Miss Godmother! God bless you; and preserve a kind remembrance of me!"

Thaddea moved away, and the baker's people were much astonished when mine host of the Crown sent for his horses, put them to, and, in spite of every objection, drove away home through the darkness.

OD bless me! is all well?" asked the Baker-at-the-Steps of his son, as he pulled up at the Crown. "All right, all right," said his son, as he descended. "How are the children?" "Quite well: but how much have you bought, and at what price? Have you samples with you, or are the goods coming after you directly?" With such questions did the Baker-at-the-Steps overwhelm his son; but he hurried on before, and not until he had kissed his boy did he say: "I only bought a hundred sacks of wheat, father, which I resold: I have come empty."

"Then you should do as Schmul of Vieringen did."

"What did he do, pray?"

"On coming home from business, just as you have done, he entered the house backwards;—'Why, Schmul,' says his wife, 'what is the matter?' Says he: 'I have done no business, I am ashamed of myself, and can't bear to show my face.'"

"I have had something else to do, though," answered mine host peevishly.

The old Baker-at-the-Steps was irritable, but he had himself to a great extent under control, and he only asked:

"Why, pray, do you look so joyous? Just put the boy down; he

has been able to walk alone a long while. Come, Magnus," said he sharply to the child, "get down and go into the kitchen; I have something to say to your father."

"No, no, let the child remain, I have brought him something; there, Magnus, there is a cake for you. Hey! it's broken; never mind, eat it: somebody sent it you who is very fond of you. Where is Ernestine? Go to grandmother and fetch her; or no, stop there, and say I will follow directly."

With these words mine host of the Crown put the boy outside the door, and said to his father: "Father, I think I have found a wife."

"Has she any money?"

"Rather too much, I believe."

"Well, all your superfluity you can pay over to me."

Mine host of the Crown walked restlessly up and down the room, stretched, and shook himself, and looked about him like a stranger. He examined every piece of furniture in the parlour, as if chair, table, and cupboard were meditating some treachery.

Every traveller brings home with him a wrong notion of the time of day; it is neither morning nor mid-day with him, as with those who have stayed at home: he has already seen so many strange places, and has already been among so many strange people, his head is so full of the world without, that he cannot properly accommodate himself to those who have remained in the old beaten path, and the usual course of things.

The Baker-at-the-Steps, a good judge of human nature, in which capacity he had of course had his first experience in himself, had for many years adopted a strange custom, which, however, was serviceable to him. As often as he returned from a long journey, he, immediately after his arrival, lay down for an hour; and it was one of his best natural gifts, that he could sleep when he wished. Thus he was always wakeful and active. When, therefore, directly after his return home, he had had his nap, and then roused himself again, he showed rare energy and powers of speedy organization. He was

at once quite at home again, free from all that uneasiness, which, like a strange atmosphere, still clings to the traveller.

He would now have induced his son to try this method, but mine host of the Crown could not be prevailed upon; he couldn't sit still a minute; his father had prescribed him three pinches of snuff, which he had taken, and yet he could give no coherent account. Now he stood at the window, looked through the panes, and said: "We will go to my mother, to my child."

"You don't budge from here: have you no more to tell me?"

"Yes!"

"Well, what is it? Out with it!"

"Father, I say, if I am to marry, I will marry her, her only."

"Indeed! where does she come from?"

"Freiburg."

"A large town—that isn't well; she will not suit our little place." And taking a pinch, the Baker continued:—"I was with the father of the present Post-master of Schramberg, when he went a wooing at Darmstadt. The girl asked mine host of the Angel 'whether Laudenbach were paved?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'if you jump from one stone to the other;' winked to mine host of the Angel, and left the room. He soon came after me, and we got to our inn, had the horses put to, and away we went like wildfire; and that was quite right. It will never do to take a girl from a large town. I tell you they would like the streets new paved, after their own fashion, and the houses fresh built; and when there comes wind and rain, they go on as if in their own part of the country it were perpetual sunshine. If you will follow my advice, you will not take one from a large town, they are full of pretension; at the best you set before them they make a face like a dog, when you hold a glass of wine to his muzzle."

"Nay, she is modest and humble—too humble."

"Indeed! There will be some difficulty, perhaps?"

"I can't say exactly."

"Come, tell me who she is."

Mine host of the Crown told his tale, with some reservations certainly. The Baker-at-the-Steps took a fresh pinch, and in the manner of his taking his snuff lurked an inexpressible satisfaction, and he said :—

"Ah ! you take after the model-teacher's family ; they always act as though they couldn't count five, and are all the while as cunning as they can be. That was very sly of you, not to buy Goldstumpf's beans and peas; you mean to have the vegetables and a good piece of meat into the bargain."

"Father, do not make jokes of that sort ; you know I can't bear it," said mine host, and his face grew red as fire. "I can't tell you how I feel—I would not have believed that I could ever feel so again : if any one had told me so then—then . . . "

And the strong man wept and sobbed aloud.

The Baker let him weep on ; he knew that these outpourings of the heart were good and necessary. He sat still upon his chair and took no snuff, but only held the open box to his nose.

"Come to your mother," he said at last, and mine host of the Crown went with his father to the paternal house.

When mine host of the Crown saw his little daughter here, he took her up, put his arm round her neck, kissed her, and would scarcely allow her to leave him again. But soon after the first kisses were over, the Baker's wife sent her little grand-daughter away to the parlour, and said to her son :—

"Raymond, that does not please me. Why should you kiss the child almost to death ? I cannot bear the present fashion of fondling and kissing children in that way. I could count upon my fingers the number of times my poor father kissed me, and yet he loved me as much as ever father loved a child, and I him as much as ever child loved a father. Don't do that again, Raymond : it is not proper."

"Ah ! mother, there is a reason for it."

"Eh? How so?"

"O mother, I cannot say what I feel to-day, as I look upon my children: it is certainly for their good; yet I feel as though I were taking away what they have a right to expect . . . at my hands . . . from me . . . nay, I am taking nothing from them, I am going to give them—yes, I . . . I am going to give them a mother."

At the last words, the Baker's wife started up, then she sat herself down again hastily with a deep sigh, and said:—

"Oh! you men, you men! What you men are, passes belief! Ah, me! when a young mother dies, her babe should be buried with her in the grave; the best it had in the world is gone, and the worst of all may come—a step-mother. Oh! how often have I seen in these cases every pretension, and every claim, made to that which is highest and holiest of all—a mother's love: and in a moment it is falsified, and its sweetness gone! Yes, you have consoled me, have reconciled me. I should not complain so bitterly that she is dead; I weep not because she is dead, for what is death? I weep because something else is coming, which is far worse, far worse than death, a thousand times harder. Yes, yes, too truly does the old proverb say:—'When a man marries a second time, the altar weeps.'"

The Baker's wife burst into tears, and that was unusual with her, for she liked to control her emotions: as she had but now rebuked her son's passionate kissing of his child, so in her own case she could not tolerate this passionate outburst.

Fortunately, there was a tap at the window: she had to serve bread, and after that she recovered her former self-possession.

Mine host of the Crown, who had omitted many circumstances in his story to his father, now told his mother how it had all come to pass, and she shook her head deprecatingly, as he mentioned how his mother's fame, spread by the Cathedral-baker, had been of the greatest assistance to him in winning the damsel's kindly feelings. He thanked his mother for being such a blessing to

him, but she repeatedly waved her hand in a deprecating manner.

Meanwhile, the farther he proceeded in his story, the more steadfast and penetrating grew her gaze, and at last she said :—

"Well, if it must be, I believe you have made the best choice. A young woman who has a hard lot to bear, who is shy and timid, and takes refuge in the silence of her own thoughts, is a step-child of the world. It might have been that she would become soured, quarrelsome, and have a spite against the whole world; because she and hers were of no repute, the whole world must be good for nothing, and everything full of hypocrisy and deceit. I know one so venomous, she suffers not a bird to pass, without plucking a few feathers—"

"Nay, mother, she is not so; she has a noble spirit, a compassionate soul."

"Well, well; she is a step-child also, and such a step-child of the world may make a good step-mother, who knows what want of love is, who will be content to find happiness in quiet and doing good; who will also be content with a quiet wedding, and will not wish for much music and bustle, and for you to act as though you were just of age, and in the world for the first time. If she be such, as I fancy . . . but bless me! who can tell? Who can tell how a little experience alters first impressions? But one thing pleases me much, that she said nothing kind or encouraging to *you*, but only sent your child a present; if that is only an earnest of her intentions, she may make you a heaven upon earth. There is nothing harder in the world, than to be a second mother."

"Your mother is right," said the Baker, roguishly, "there is a proof again, that we men are better than the women. There are more kind step-fathers than step-mothers."

"That is easily explained. A father sees but little of his child till it is grown up; he has much less to do with it; but a mother must tend her child at all times, and a woman till she is forty years of

age is still half a child herself, and can be a child's friend and foe. But on that subject we have not now to speak. I should certainly have been better pleased had you chosen one without money—she would have been grateful . . . but who knows? . . . Above all, bethink you, you do not marry for yourself; you marry for your children. As for Ernestine, she remains with us, of course; she knows how much we make of her—rather too much: her grandfather encourages her in her stubbornness and self-will; but I know how to manage her. I believe still, that she will be a good girl some day; but I cannot expect of a stranger that she should understand such a child's management. It cannot do Magnus any harm, even if he should get a little roughly handled; a boy must learn to put up with it, and it is a good apprenticeship for life. Ernestine, however, is once for all ours; on that score she shall not be overburthened. But why did she not send Ernestine something?"

Luckily, a visitor arrived at this moment, so that mine host of the Crown was not forced to answer the last question.

Now, after that mine host of the Crown had spoken out so confidingly and precisely to his mother, an apprehension came over him that he had imposed upon himself, that he had deceived himself—certainly, it was quite plain, he had in a manner deceived Thaddea. He now recounted to his father on the road to the mill, how he had spoken to Thaddea of only one child, and had not at all mentioned the other, and how she must believe that he had but one child.

"Then," said the Baker, "I have it. I wanted a clue to this sudden determination of a young woman to give hopes to a widower with two children."

"You are right, father; so I must not dissemble, and we shall see what will come of it."

"I can tell you at once; nothing will come of it."

"That will grieve me; but not so much as to see my children all my life treated like strangers, without any love; that would daily wring my heart within me."

"How you talk! I believe from all you have told me, that the girl would treat Ernestine, too, with kindness."

"I believe so, too."

"But Goldstumpf will not give her to you; and in his position no more would I. Look you, one child is no child; on the contrary, a good girl would think that only a pretty plaything; she will have a doll, with which to play. But two children are indeed children, many children, a houseful of children. So what think you?"

"What?"

"Why, you must really have but one child. Ernestine is no more yours; we will not give her up; she must be ours."

"Ay, but can I disown my child?"

"You need not do that—certainly not eventually—there is no doubt of that. Trust me, when you go and say, 'I have forgotten one thing; I have a little daughter of nine years of age;' what do you suppose she will think of you? 'It can't be helped now. What a pretty father,' she will think, 'that says not a syllable about his child.'"

"Ah! that is exactly proof for me; therefore it is just good for nothing. I should not have the heart to disown my child; it is doubly wicked, a crime against my child, and a crime against her whom I would make my wife. No, no; that must not be; so let us say no more about it."

"And I tell you it is the best way; Ernestine is ours."

"But it cannot remain concealed from Thaddea; and when she ultimately discovers it, what will she think of me?"

"Better than now, for now you are a simpleton. Have I not told you a thousand times that I know better than you how men get on in the world? Now follow my advice. It is skilfully knitted, and I will soon tie the knot tight: leave it to me. Be thankful that you have me still at your elbow."

"But my mother, what will she say when she hears of it?"

"She will not know it just yet."

"And how am I to behave to my child when she meets me,

when she calls me, when I call to her? Nay, father, it must not be. How happy have I been, and now . . . . . but it shall not, must not be!"

"Your mother said a sensible thing to you," answered the Baker: "a girl who marries a widower must not ask music at her wedding; but as for you, you are asking music already."

"I? O God, no!"

"Yes, yes. I was once young as well as you; things are then as bright as bright can be, when you have seen her who is to be your own; but that comes but once in life, no more. The sun rises but once in a day, and every church has but one consecration, as my father-in-law's proverb hath it. You must now marry with deliberation, and not ask for everything to be playing joy-bells in your heart."

"Nay, without that I will not marry."

"You ought to have been a school-master, I declare; you are of the model-teacher's kidney. What need have you to tell me all that? Keep it for yourself and your bride. And as for Ernestine, take matters more easily. For the present, you cannot introduce Ernestine; but take things more easily. You take everything too much to heart."

The Baker broke off: he was sufficiently clever to know that the tree is not felled at a single blow; but the work is to all intents and purposes done when once the soil, in which the roots rest, has been cleared away all round. Mine host of the Crown could not but reflect that there was much reason in what his father said. He certainly did take things too much to heart; he must own it himself. However, it should be otherwise. Certainly, in the present instance it was quite in place to take things more seriously, and he smiled as he thought of a beautiful scheme. His father had said himself that he needn't tell him everything. So be it! His father should work away in his clever fashion to bring things to rights, and for himself he would tell Thaddea at his very first opportunity the whole truth.

Very well, he would take things more easily.

The Baker for several days said no more on the subject; he let his arguments silently gather strength within his son, and he smiled grimly one day, when mine host of the Crown said to his mother, "Do you see, mother, how I follow your advice? I am quite sedate and free from over-fondness towards Ernestine, and I will remain so. It is better to be a little roughly handled in childhood; you take things more easily in after-life."

The Baker smiled grimly; he knew what this speech foreboded; and in the evening he innocently asked his son, when they should start for Freiburg.

"To-morrow, if you like, or even to-day," answered mine host.

But Ernestine had accidentally surprised her grandfather and father as they were talking of her being disowned; something took place in the heart of the child, but did not outwardly show itself. Her grandfather had in the presence of the child, in spite of all her grandmother's endeavours to prevent it, often remarked how helpless and easily biassed and over-reached mine host of the Crown was. He had, after his fashion, often done so with coarse jokes; and when his wife represented to him in strong colours the impropriety, he said, "I can't help speaking out to you; before the world of course I shield him as much as possible." These words, however, had pierced the soul of the child; and now when she saw herself disowned, this discovery, combined with what she had heard before mentioned—often with ridicule—awakened in her a singularly stubborn resolve.

There are matters in which there is no sign of acidity apparent; it is only when a new matter is introduced and unites itself with the acid ingredient, that it becomes evident. So, too, with dispositions; suddenly the results of bitter impressions show themselves at the addition of a new fact with which they unite. In the morning, while her grandmother was still asleep, Ernestine hastily rose, dressed herself quite alone; and when at the first glimmer of day her father and grandfather started for the market-town, there

stood Ernestine on the hill behind the trees, looked fixedly after them a while, and then hurried forwards. She had afterwards confessed, that, though not quite clear about it, she too had meant to plod to Freiburg, and there to rush into the presence of all, and cry: "I also am your child!" She ran on and on, and wept and sobbed as she went.

Accidentally the miller's man was coming down the footpath with his asses all laden with corn-sacks; he saw Ernestine and called out to her; and as the child gave vague answers, without any further

questioning he seated her comfortably upon one of his asses, and brought her back to the town. The gate-keeper's children were already at play here, and Ernestine, whose thoughts were thus turned towards her brother, could no longer be detained; she sprang from the saddle and rushed into the town home to her brother. As long as her father and grandfather were away, Ernestine would not suffer her little brother out of her sight; and,—where the people got the rumour from, there is no saying,—but she was continually being asked when her new mother was coming. And Ernestine was quite proud when she heard people say, there was no need for her father to marry again, for that she would soon be grown up, and even now could take a mother's care of her little brother. And the old servant often told the children the Story of the Juniper-tree; how a wicked step-mother killed her step-child; and how the little sister buried her little brother's bones under a juniper-tree, and the little brother became a bird, and sang so wondrously, and how he wore a large mill-stone round his neck, which he dropped down from the tree upon the wicked step-mother, and ground her to powder. . . .

ERY silently father and son drove on for some time; the latter was sad at heart; he would willingly have turned back again, but dared not show his weakness to his father. At last he confessed he had perhaps said too much; he had not yet been nearly explicit enough with Thaddea to be sure of her answer, and with Goldstumpf not a word had been said upon the subject.

"I don't know what to think," answered the Baker; "you are not a bit like a man, who already has a household and two children. You act just like a raw young lad, so timidly and awkwardly. It would seem to me too, as if we were getting into the fog, but now we are once on the road we must go on till we get into a clearer atmosphere. Don't try to settle beforehand what and how everything is to be; we must regulate our trade by the market."

Mine host seemed to himself spell-bound and shackled, as it were, by his father; and the latter was cunning enough to keep his own particular plan a secret.

Now that his son had of his own accord turned his thoughts to a second marriage, that fact must be kept steadily before his eyes; and though nothing should come of the present venture, it was not difficult to involve him in another, for which the Baker already intended to provide.

Mine host of the Crown's thoughts had outstripped the wheels,

quickly as they rolled along; he was by Thaddea's side and telling her all—when he was suddenly made aware that he was still sitting in the wagon, and that his father was asking him all manner of questions, while a strange world was all around him.

When at length he arrived again at our baker's house in the Cathedral-close, and the young baker bade his old master heartily welcome, the Baker-at-the-Steps said: "It is quite proper to call me 'master' still; but it is better, more respectful to yourself I mean, to call me now only Mr. Deputy."

"Oh! very well, Mr. Deputy," said the baker.

Whilst the Baker-at-the-Steps sat with the young wife, and inquired more particularly about Thaddea, and lastly said point blank why he had come; mine host of the Crown was walking up and down the town full of uneasiness. He was now a stranger there, where he would be soon perhaps at home, and in these very streets Thaddea had for so many years passed to and fro, had been a child and grown a woman, had known nothing of him, and he nothing of her, and now they would both of them soon have no more thoughts, or joys, or sorrows, but what they would share in common.

Perhaps here or there went one who knew her, and with whom he might have spoken of her; but he was not sure and could not inquire. He went through King-street, and stood a long time at the Brisachs-gate, and examined the dazzling picture of St. Martin with his sword dividing his cloak for the naked beggar. He was lost in contemplation of the picture, and then again he fancied he could trace thereon Thaddea's eyes, which must have rested upon it so many, many times.

Mine host of the Crown had strolled up to the Castle-hill, and from here he looked out far around upon the refreshing prospect, away yonder to the town and the valley of the Rhine all along to the Vosges. And here in the neighbourhood, how winsome is all! The mountains unite the coolness of the forest and the luscious

joyousness of the vine — and every growth is so thriving, so plenteous!

Nature uttered no sound; and all that gave warning of men and their thoughts and their labours, was yonder from the town the chime of clocks, and away there from the forest the bugle-

call of the signal-men as they practised their counter-signs: for in those days the third world-wide power, the factory-bell, was not heard therein.

The scent of the autumn-fading leaves, the distant hum of the busy town, all roused in mine host of the Crown a remembrance which had not yet grown old: how he had once before on such an

evening gone up from the house to the mountain : and he could not comprehend how the trees should still be standing, the carriages still rolling along the streets, and the drovers still singing by the side of their grazing herds, and hallooing to each other, and cracking their whips. There is the teeming world : and there, in the heart of it, is death ; for yonder, down beneath, lay ——

But away ! Reminiscences may rise ; but they cannot bring back life any more : and just now it must be otherwise. But can it be possible that spring is coming back again, and you are rejoicing in it ?

As if flying from himself, he hurried down from the Castle-hill. A light evening autumn-breeze already was beginning to rise. At Carthusian-street, mine host of the Crown suddenly stood still at a garden hedge ; behind which appeared a well-kept garden, with a pretty summer-house. He remained rooted to the spot : it seemed as if he recognised a voice, which said :—" Yes, Joseph, go now : go through the next garden, that father may know nothing about it. Oh, God ! a time must come when we shall no more meet in secret, stealthily as to-day. Go quickly, go ; I am so frightened."

There was the sound of a man stealing swiftly away ; and mine host of the Crown trembled : it was indeed Thaddea who had spoken. He wished, pierced as he was to the very heart, to slip away, but Thaddea just at this moment turned round and recognised him. She gazed vacantly at him, and only passed her hand once over her forehead, as though recovering from a dream. At last mine host of the Crown managed to utter the words : " Good evening, Miss Godmother."

She was wonderfully composed, and said : " Ah ! is it you ? Nothing but miracles are happening to-day : it is scarcely five minutes since I was speaking of you."

" Of me ? "

" Yes, my brother was just here : the brother of whom I told : with whom my father cannot bear me to speak."

"So that was your brother then? Forgive me!"

"What should I forgive?"

"No, no. I don't know what I am talking about. May I come in?"

Thaddea made no answer; and without farther questioning mine host opened the gate, and walked into the garden. He stood by Thaddea's side not far from an apple-tree; the heavy, rosy-cheeked fruit of which pulled the branches almost down to the ground. Mine host took an apple in his hand, but did not pluck it, and

said: "So you were speaking of me? That is well. I, too, have spoken much of you, but I have still more to say to you; you must know all, I mean; and my father has now come with me, and we are now staying here, and it is God's dispensation that I was destined thus to meet you beforehand. How did I gaze at every one I met in the whole town, and would fain have asked—'Can you not tell me where I can see my fellow-sponsor, if it be but for a few minutes?' And now here I am, and still I know not what to say, and you have not yet once given me your hand in token of welcome."

She held out her hand at this, and it trembled: mine host of the Crown continued:—

"I am now no longer a young man; I have already seen much sorrow, and it becomes me not to be any longer thus, and yet I know not how it is . . . oh that some one would speak for me! I cannot say myself, that . . . that none can say any ill of me—oh! if my mother were but here!"

"You are a pretty tall child for a mother's darling; it can speak for itself, it can," said Thaddea, playfully; but mine host did not look at all playful, and she continued:—"You are happy in still having a mother!"

"Yes, and such a mother! I am her son, and it might be put down as vanity on my part; but the whole town, the whole neighbourhood is witness that she is uprightness itself, and none can know as I how sincerely she speaks good of all men, does good to all men, of which they know nothing. She who is no more, she knew it too; how many thousand times have we spoken of it! and when we spoke of it, we felt as though we were coming from the church. Still my mother can laugh and be merry; and so once could I, and could again: oh! I could wish for nothing more delightful than to see you sitting by my mother, and both of you gazing in each other's eyes. Look at me now—I know no longer what I am saying."

"Yes, yes," said she; "I thought you loved your parents thus, and what a happiness it is still to have a mother — and such a mother! The Cathedral-baker has told me much of her."

"'Tis kind of him, but he cannot know her so well as her own son."

"Certainly," said Thaddea; "what one's parents are, no stranger can know. My father—why should I not say so?—is, I well know, looked upon with an evil eye by many; but still I know he has a tender heart, and is only ashamed to let the world perceive it; and you will honour and respect my father too."

"Assuredly!" said mine host; "and I love you twice as much for saying so, and shall ever keep it in mind."

For a long while they said not another word; and during the pause two apples fell from the tree, and both stooped after them; mine host raised them, gave Thaddea one, and kept the other himself. Thaddea received the apple as a matter of course, and as she gazed upon its rosy cheeks, she said :—

"How is your little son?"

"Quite well. And what I have to say besides . . . "

Mine host of the Crown could say no more, for the little boy from Kirchzart, who was staying at the Cathedral-baker's, ran suddenly into the garden, and said : "Miss Thaddea, you must come to my aunt directly; she has something particular to tell you—this moment."

"May I not accompany you?" said mine host.

"No!" was the answer; but in the tone in which it was spoken, notwithstanding the decided negative, there was someting so cordial that mine host assented cheerfully.

"I had so much to say to you," stammered he; but the maiden expressed to him with a look that he should say no more before the boy. She quickly drew her shawl round her, motioned to mine host to leave the garden, and hurried with the boy with swift steps away.

Mine host moved a few strides after her, then stopped: there were many emotions within him, but above all rose the thought, "Why did you not tell her all at once? Oh! had you but done so! Then there had been no more deception, no further gulf between you!" He was so disheartened that he sat down on a heap of stones upon the road, and it pained him deeply that what he had hitherto concealed, must now, perforce, remain concealed. He himself appeared like a rejected, disowned child; and now he felt as if his child were sitting by him, and involuntarily he clutched with his hand at his side.

No, it should not be.

Quickly he rose up and went to the town; he knew where Thaddea was to be found, he could tell her even now: now it seemed not yet deception.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

WHILST mine host of the Crown was on the Castle-hill and in the garden, the Baker-at-the-Steps had discovered quite enough from the wife of his former apprentice, and this time he found once more the straightforward way not only the best, but also the shortest. He found out that Goldstumpf drank his evening glass at the hotel called the "Wild Man," in Salt Street, and now he went to him. He found him alone at a table. "With your permission," said he, and sat down opposite. Goldstumpf laid his hand on his huge dog's head, nodded, and looked wonderingly at the stranger; or was it really the Baker-at-the-Steps? "Aha! he is coming to make a compromise. Good: whoever is the first to come a-begging, has found out that he is in the wrong, and must also pay for it."

Goldstumpf lifted his glass to his mouth, but did not drink. He was of all things careful of health: his favourite saying was well-known: "I have, thank God, nothing to reproach myself with; I have denied myself nothing in my life." He felt that he was now in a triumphant, joyous state of mind, and under these circumstances a glass of wine does no good: he must first let everything return to a state of rest; then the flavour is better. He still kept sharply watching the Baker over the rim of his glass, but the latter said:

"Oh yes, it is I, in the flesh. To-day we can drink peaceably together, and to-morrow appear together before the Court."

Goldstumpf felt quite sure the rascal gave his case up for lost, and that was the only meaning of his fair words; but he resolved not to return them, and said: "I'm not to be trifled with, friend; you will find out to-morrow whom you have to deal with."

"You do me honour by be-'friend'-ing me; come, let us clink glasses upon it," said the Baker, and clinked his glass against Gold-

stumpf's; but the latter never stirred his: "There," said the Baker, "we can talk more easily upon 'friend'-ly terms. Are you vexed, now, about that lawsuit? Why, I thought I was doing you a kindness: you know you are never happy unless you have at least a dozen actions going: and, besides, I wanted to try what chance a man would have in a race with you; and to be outrun by you is no disgrace."

Goldstumpf smirked, and stroking his dog's head, said to him : " We two never make a mistake, do we, Turk ?"

And the Baker, likewise turning to the dog, said : " You're a Turk, and your master's a pagan. Yes, you're well suited, you're not to be caught alive : now, don't bite me, I'll not do anything to you. You're a match for men, and your master for something else ——."

Goldstumpf laughed. Now the game was won.

The Baker was quite sure, if he could only get a hearing, there was nothing which he could not arrange. " Look you now," said he ; " there are roads so narrow you wouldn't believe that two vehicles could avoid a collision there and pass one another—particularly when they're full—yet they do. But how ? One pulls up ; then the other can get by. You drive on ! you drive on ! and I'll pull up."

" You're no fool," said Goldstumpf, and nodded to the Baker, and the latter easily passed on to considering the lawsuit dropped. He spoke in raptures of the large business connexion of his *vis-à-vis*, and took occasion to hint that he must have also no lack of profitable transactions : but what was it all in comparison with the old war-times, when such large slices of luck were to be had ! Goldstumpf became more and more pleased as the Baker recounted some of those well-known master-strokes which he had displayed in his commissariat dealings at that time, and particularly how, once upon a time, in Villingen, at head-quarters, he delivered forty yearling-calves instead of four hundred oxen.

Goldstumpf laughed, and soon, of his own accord, began to tell him one of his cunning tricks ; and the Baker edged nearer and nearer, and soon they were nudging and whispering to each other, and then laughing aloud, and Goldstumpf clinked of his own free will with the Baker, as the latter showed him some dodges in corn-meting, and how a corn-meter might be the first corn-merchant without anybody knowing anything about it for years. The two became continually more familiar, and although they still for some

time longer be-'friend'-ed each other, they once more drank together, and clinked in token of brotherhood. Just as the Baker was putting down his glass, he looked out of the window and said: "Why, what is all this? There — yes, there goes my son!"

He rapped upon the window-glass, and mine host of the Crown felt a shudder run through him as he suddenly looked up and saw his father's and Goldstumpf's eyes directed down towards him; and both signed to him. Mine host went in. He could not, for the life of him, comprehend how everything should succeed so rapidly: yonder Thaddea was now sitting with the Cathedral-baker's wife, and here was his father already on such good terms with the man he dreaded. Mine host had nearly dropped from sheer terror, for a monster sprang suddenly upon him; the dog, who knew him from the Lenzkirch journey, had welcomed him after his fashion, as though he considered it only proper behaviour towards his master's friend, and indeed his bounden duty.

"Heyday! Are you the son of that fellow there? Of that rogue? and yet can be so honest? I wouldn't have believed it. House here! a bottle of Margrave!" cried Goldstumpf.

The trio sat familiarly together, and mine host of the Crown was full of trembling within as he heard his substance made a subject of boast by his father, and when the latter put pointedly and prominently forward the fact, that he had but one child, who inherited an independent property on the mother's side.

Until late in the night they sat together, and Goldstumpf became jollier and jollier, asserting that he liked the Baker because he was a rogue, and one of the old sort; and that he liked mine host of the Crown too, because he withal still appeared an honest fellow. It was so now-a-days; the children were now much more particular than their fathers had been: he found it even in his own children, particularly in his daughter.

Mine host of the Crown trembled as he mentioned her, but the

Baker said calmly: "Oh! you have a daughter too? Is she married yet?"

"No; she won't have any one."

Mine host of the Crown kicked his father under the table; he did not know what his son meant, and now merely asked Goldstumpf whether he would be at home next morning, and whether he might call upon him.

"No," said he; "I must go to Kirchzart to load oats."

At length they separated. On the way home, the Baker said to his son: "The business is as good as done. Don't you see I was right? I sounded Goldstumpf, and he said directly, that a girl who had a home of her own, and didn't mean to be nothing more or less than a married nursery-maid, must be foolish to marry a widower with several children. So at present he must not know anything about Ernestine."

"But Thaddea must know it before we are engaged: I will not yield that point on any condition; that I am determined upon."

"Very well, I will undertake that: but, mind, you must not say a word on the subject."

"Why?"

"I have my reasons. That is sufficient for the present."

The father and son went together to the Cathedral-baker's, and there it was arranged that the Cathedral-baker's wife should ask Goldstumpf to take her with him to Kirchzart—of course, only to induce Thaddea to go too; and then, as if accidentally, mine host of the Crown and Goldstumpf's son should meet them there.

At night mine host of the Crown wished to have a long talk with his father, but the latter was soon sleeping the sleep of the just. But mine host of the Crown started up often in the night, and fancied he heard the voice of his little daughter, so mournful, so complaining. He counted each quarter, as it struck from the Cathedral-tower and the other clocks that chimed beside, and between whiles pined for his old schoolmastering, which often allowed him

to see that the chimes of the Cathedral rang out the quarters always in quint and terce to the key-note of the full hour. For the first time for a long, long while, he was weeping in the early morning as the day dawned.

He looked pale, and it was not until the Cathedral-baker's wife said that she and Thaddea were going to Kirchzart, that his cheeks were tinged with red again. He took the Cathedral-baker's wife aside, and told her how he hoped, by God's blessing, Thaddea would be a good mother to *both* his children. They had *both* good hearts; though Ernestine had been a little spoilt by her grandparents: she would remain with her grandparents. They were *both* good children. He repeated the word "both" over and over again, that the Cathedral-baker's wife also might not forget to impart this to Thaddea. He did not exactly lay any charge upon her, but he was quite sure she would not forget it, and he felt an inward triumph at having forestalled his father and behaved honourably.

The Cathedral-baker's wife appeared to understand it all.

She had packed some provision in a hamper to take to Kirchzart, because they would not be prepared there for so many guests; and with an air of great certainty she said: "That is the betrothal-feast."

The sun was already warm before they could start, for the Cathedral-baker's wife must take her baby; and Goldstumpf drove up to the house to fetch them. The Baker-at-the-Steps went out to greet him, but mine host of the Crown did not show himself; he only stole a glance as the Cathedral-baker's wife gave her baby into Thaddea's arms, and saw how the latter laid it in on her bosom and kissed it; he heard her beg her friend to allow her to keep it in her arms; and now away rolled the vehicle.

Before her departure, the Cathedral-baker's wife had also imparted to mine host of the Crown that Thaddea had said how nice it would be should her brother find his way to Kirchzart; and the Cathedral-baker's wife had told her, as a secret, that it was mine host of the

Crown's design to invite him. Thaddea had thereupon been quite overjoyed : mine host should, therefore, make no delay, but execute his plans at once : he should go straight to her brother and tell him what they were about. How cunning the world had become all at once ! and how cleverly the Cathedral-baker's wife had devised something in his favour ! Why is it, pray, that things so seldom go straightforward in the world ?

Mine host of the Crown was inclined to tell his father what orders he had received, but he gave up the idea : he had a feeling that there are things which cold-blooded deliberation dissuades as surely as simple impulse insists on trying at all hazards. He had, first of all, a feeling of joy that he could be of service to Thaddea ; secondly, he said to himself : " By God's blessing, he will be your brother-in-law, and then you will have shown him already before, how you feel towards him, and altogether —— the matter is in good hands."

Without, therefore, saying anything about it to his father, he went to his future brother-in-law, and was not a little astonished when the latter told him that Thaddea had already spoken of him, and even the very evening before had ventured to summon him into the garden.

As to his going, as if by accident, to Kirchzart, with his wife and one child, he would not hear of it. But at the repeated pressure of mine host, he said : " At all events, my wife and child shall stay at home. I cannot subject them to the chance of my father insulting them or turning them out of doors ; do you think I can ? "

" I'm sure I cannot tell."

" But I can—and so, to please my sister and to please you, for I tell you honestly I like you, I will ride over alone. Whatever treatment I meet with, I can bear it from my father : he is, and always will be my father."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart ; I don't know— I feel all at once so certain—I think all must be well ; indeed, I cannot bring myself to believe that there should yet be men in the world living at variance with each other."

"Yes, yes, my sister was quite right."

"In what?"

"That I must not tell you; but she rightly divined your character; and now I tell you—she is my sister, and I should not sing her praises—I tell you, you must have done some good in the world to be allowed to win her for your wife; God does not give a man such a wife without a reason."

With his heart swelling high, mine host returned from the brother's. He had found another being worthy of his admiration, whom he should one day call brother. Oh! what deep springs lie concealed! and oh! these hours, when the magic wand reveals them to quicken and refresh!

Soon mine host of the Crown himself put his horses to, but the Baker-at-the-Steps drove: they were obliged to make a considerable détour to arrive, not by the Freiburg, but the opposite side, that the meeting might appear all the more accidental. There was nothing any longer against which mine host of the Crown could raise his voice; he was obliged to acquiesce in all; and this détour, which took them hither and thither, for nothing in the world but deception's sake, caused him the most heartfelt pain.

The Cathedral-baker's wife was right, the provisions she took with her served for the betrothal-feast.

Immediately after his arrival, the Baker-at-the-Steps had hurried to Thaddea, and spoken to her in a low, earnest tone: then he came with an air of triumph to his son, and said: "The chief point is settled and clearly understood, and I have told her all: so much for that. Now I will go to Goldstumpf; he is at the oats-lading."

The Baker-at-the-Steps found Goldstumpf directly at the Corn Exchange, and the fat rogue leered as the Baker-at-the-Steps now showed him how to mete so as to bring more or less, according to inclination, to the measure. Then the Baker took him aside and told him straightforwardly what was going on. Goldstumpf at first would hear nothing said about it; then the Baker said: "You see

your daughter is of age : don't a second time cause a child to marry against your inclination. Cry whoa ! before the horses stop of themselves. Look you, there are drivers who, when they are ascending a hill, don't trouble their heads to think when they ought to rest their horses ; and when they stop of themselves, whoa ! cries the driver, and puts a stone under the wheel. It is too late then. Had he done so sooner, he would have been entitled to gratitude, and the horses would have done their work all the better afterwards. You have still time ; take my advice and cry whoa ! otherwise, the horses will stop of themselves."

"I have no objection ; in fact, I never had any objection," answered Goldstumpf ; "but I must tell you honestly, you're mistaken."

"I ? how ?"

"I'm not so rich as you think ; my daughter will not have half so much as you imagine."

"I'll imagine a little, then ; but you must leave me at perfect liberty to believe you or not, you honest, honest father-in-law, you poverty-stricken rascal ! Your hand—it is a bargain."

They both held out their hands, and there was a mutual squeeze. Goldstumpf was man enough to hold his own against the Baker's hard, bony fist : the Baker did not succeed here in what gave him so much pleasure when he shook hands with any one ; to wit, nearly breaking his fingers in two.

Goldstumpf had been taken by surprise, but he quickly made as though he had anticipated it all, and a smile, full of bitterness and sorrow, passed over his features as Thaddea came up to him hand in hand with her lover.

He felt a grudge against her for leaving him ; he had never thought of it and never intended it, and it was with a peculiar huskiness of voice, and dimness of the eye, that he gave her his consent.

When they were about sitting down to table, a horseman came galloping up to the inn. Goldstumpf looked out, but bobbed down

again as if he had been shot. The steps were mounted; the door opened; and with a cry of "Oh! my dear brother!" Thaddèa flew to the new comer, and fell upon his neck.

The Cathedral-baker's wife was sly enough to disguise the whole matter: she said aloud to mine host of the Crown: "That is your bride's brother;" and turning to the brother, she said: "That is the bridegroom and his father."

The brother and mine host looked at each other with surprise, and held out their hands.

How could the Cathedral-baker's wife, that simple body, be so sly as neither by voice nor look to betray anything. She played her part so well indeed that Goldstumpf, as he saw the look of surprise on the part of the two men, really thought it the result of a first meeting.

"Well, I intend to begin!" said Goldstumpf; and without further notice of his son, he sat down at the table. He was particularly merry; and when glasses were clinked at the health of the wedding couple, he clinked with his son, as he said: "You here too!" and those were the first words he had spoken to him for thirteen years.

His son was so astounded at the question that he could make no other answer than "Yes, father!" Beyond this, Goldstumpf acted just as though his son had not been there.

Mine host of the Crown made continual attempts to bring father and son together; but Goldstumpf always behaved as if there were nothing but empty air where his son was sitting.

When at length they were preparing for the drive home, the Baker-at-the-Steps took his son aside, and said: "Be on your guard, Raymond. I have tried to talk it out of your father-in-law; but still he may think again, that it was your contrivance that the brother should drop in, as if accidentally."

"Yes, father, it is so; and I am proud of bringing it about. I shall not give over until all is peace and happiness."

"Speak lower: and I tell you, you should give up: you can't level

all hills,—you or your mother either : and I can tell you, you'll find you've lost the game altogether with Goldstumpf, if you do anything further in the matter."

The presence of the brother was the outward and only cause of uneasiness which interrupted the harmony of the entertainment ; for

the inward, arising from the child that was ignored, was experienced no more.

As Goldstumpf mounted to his seat, he said to all the others :

"Good-bye, pleasant journey;" but as for his son, he again behaved as though he were empty air.

It was a joyous drive home. They were obliged to be home while it was still daylight, on account of the child; and Thaddea had said: "I am glad the child was present at our betrothal: you know I shall soon have one of my own. If it were but as small as this! But still I will caress him and love him; and then he will be sure to love me. Is not Magnus our boy's name?"

"Yes!" Mine host could say no more.

The two fathers had driven on together; they were extremely merry; and Goldstumpf had tied a red riband on his whip-handle, and, in spite of the protests of all, given his dog a few sausages.

Mine host of the Crown drove the Cathedral-baker's wife and Thaddea. The latter had again insisted upon holding the child in her arms, and in a low tone she sang the child a lullaby; and mine host made his horses go at a quiet pace over the smooth road, that he might hear her voice. She sang so charmingly! The evening sun was glowing red: from the Cathedral-tower chimed the bell for vespers, as Thaddea, lifting up the child to heaven, said: "Make me a kind and strong heart, O God! that I be no step-mother, but a mother indeed!"

"Amen!" said mine host and the Cathedral-baker's wife, as if with one mouth: and the three spoke not another word until their journey's end.

FORSAKEN.

SURPASSINGLY happy as mine host of the Crown was, the idea of the concealment was still continually a burthen to him: he had not spoken freely and openly with Thaddea upon every point; but as for Goldstumpf, it never occurred to him that he had also been deceived.

He stood in the corn-market like one lost. As though it were the first time he had seen it, he watched the perpetual heaving up and down, the peculiar swing with which the sacks were loaded and unloaded, and how the countrymen, leaning with crossed arms on their sacks, drove their bargains. Twice, indeed, was he almost knocked down by the sack-carriers, who move out of the way for nobody: for, like a man in a dream, he was watching a little girl, who, in the midst of the noise and confusion, perched upon one of the heaps of sacks piled up all round the pillars, was calmly sleeping.

He searched for the Cathedral-baker; who, on the shelf beneath the grand staircase, was calculating and paying away. He asked him whether his wife had said anything to him about Ernestine.

The baker replied, smiling: "Oh! yes: and now make yourself quite happy: I really believe you don't know what a lucky man you are!"

Mine host of the Crown, of course, could not tell that his father had already taken his precautions, and imposed silence upon all; and he was weak enough not to seek certainty at the fountain head.

The Baker-at-the-Steps was standing, not far from the couple, with Goldstumpf. They were rubbing barley in their hands, and were deliberating how they should now play each other's game; but the Baker-at-the-Steps took a peep on one side, and in the face of his son and his former apprentice he read what had been the subject of conversation. He smiled at his own thoughts.

The Baker-at-the-Steps hastened his return home: principally on account of the sale of the Postmastership in his own town, which was to take place the next day. Mine host of the Crown had but a few minutes for a parting interview with his betrothed: and the wedding was settled to take place in a few weeks. She gave him several presents for Magnus. Mine host was particularly pleased with a pair of muff-gloves which she had knitted herself; and she owned with a blush that under any circumstances she would have found an opportunity of sending them to the child.

It was on mine host's lips to ask whether she had nothing for Ernestine, but the question died away within him.

On the drive home there were all kinds of discussion, and the Baker-at-the-Steps said: "Trust me, I am an old experienced man: no porridge is eaten so hot as it's cooked. Things, when they really come, are not so pretty and not so ugly as you picture them at a distance. That the old one will laugh at it, I am ready at once to take my sacred oath; and, as I said, I have devised a plan. We old folks will regularly adopt Ernestine: then it is really the plain truth which we have said. Now make yourself happy as you ought: I say, with the Cathedral-baker, you don't know at all what a lucky fellow you are."

And, in fact, mine host did become much more cheerful, and the Bakeress-at-the-Steps had everything told her; and in the evening Ernestine had to take a quantity of bread to the houses of the poor. The grandmother had no notion that she was thereby fortunately removing from the father the look of the child of whom he had himself told Thaddea nothing.

In the town and neighbourhood there was much talk when people heard of the engagement of mine host of the Crown with Goldstumpf's daughter: and when the Post-office inn was sold by auction, the Baker-at-the-Steps bought it, and obtained for his son the charge of the Post-office.

Mine host of the Crown had no idea that this had been planned in concert with his father-in-law; and it was not until now that

Goldstumpf pointed out in the paper the engagement of his daughter "to Mr. Post-master Burkhart, only son of Mr. Deputy Burkhart, of Rottweil."

It was now said in the town that the Baker-at-the-Steps would buy up half the place, and many fabulous accounts were given of the enormous riches of Goldstumpf. Meanwhile, his berth in the Post-office was in other ways agreeable to mine host of the Crown: he not only thus commenced a new sort of life in a new house, and thus got rid of many old and sad remembrances; but his ingenuity in all descriptions of writing came by that means into request

again. His mother made the most magnificent arrangements for her son, and the whole borough was in a commotion, when, in the month of November, two carriages, decorated with flowers, and with

postilions merrily blowing their horns, drove into the town. In the first sat the new Postmaster with his wife, and Goldstumpf and the Baker-at-the-Steps in the second.

The Baker's wife had, no doubt, exerted herself too much in preparing for her son's arrival: she was now so unwell she was obliged to lie down. That was the only vexation amid the joyous emotions which the family and the whole town experienced. On the other hand, however, it was lucky; since they thus got over the difficulty about telling the whole truth immediately.

At their entry, when the postilions blew their horns, there was a general cheer: but one single child stood unnoticed aside, and her eyes were dilated, and there was something savage in her expression as she saw the woman alight who had robbed her of her father.

Little Magnus had been prettily dressed up in a neat postilion's suit; and the whole town had done nothing but talk of how the young wife had carried him in her arms up the steps,—and he was a pretty heavy weight.

"Where is Ernestine? why is she not here? She must see her mother!" said the Postmaster to his father, as he stood in the hall; and the latter answered: "Be quiet for a day or two longer, until Goldstumpf has gone: then we will tell her."

"Will tell her? Haven't you told her then?"

"Come, come; don't pretend you thought I had. I am quite pleased to see you so cunning for once, and trying to take me in."

"I! O God! you do me wrong. But let me go: not another minute will I bear this deception. Let me go."

"Eh? Will you give your wife no better reception than a quarrel on the spot with her father? As soon as Goldstumpf has turned his back, we will set matters to rights; rely upon it. Now show a little sense."

Mine host of the Crown was obliged to be pacified; and Thaddea, who saw him so pale and almost every moment trembling, said: "I can easily conceive, dear husband, that such an entry is painful to

you, after having once already . . . . but an inward voice tells me that we shall be very, very happy; and it pleases me well to think I can be by your side. You are stronger than you imagine, and than your father likes to allow. If only you have some one near you, by whom your own good heart is well supported . . . and such will I be."

Mine host wept silently. But there were now fresh days of merry-making, for Goldstumpf rode and walked and drove in great style everywhere about, and in the public room at the Post he felt himself quite at home, and Turk could already open the door. There Goldstumpf often used to say, he hoped soon to retire from business and settle down in those parts. He would then have the old Crown inn comfortably fitted up,—that is to say, fresh-built of free-stone from top to bottom, and the windows should have mirror-panes, that all the world might admire themselves therein.

In private the Bride said with tremulous voice to her husband: "Believe it not: my father will never move hither; he has long intended to leave Freiburg, but cannot: it vexes him too much when he can no longer vex the people by showing them how well he is doing. He cannot leave Freiburg."

"Be not uneasy," said the *ci-devant* host of the Crown, now the Postmaster; "even should your father move hither, he will be loved and prized by me: I will honour and reverence him as is but right: of that be well assured. We have all our failings, and there is not one quite as he should be. Believe me, I am not so upright as you imagine, and I have need that others should have patience with me too."

"You are a good creature; that be assured I shall never forget," said Thaddea.

Goldstumpf took his departure, and the Postmaster accompanied him half the way, until they met his father-in-law's conveyance. The Baker-at-the-Steps had wished to undertake the task meanwhile of telling the young wife the plain truth. Mine host of the

Crown, however, had said : " No, neither you nor I : tell my mother all, and she shall do it : when she is our help, all goes well."

The Baker-at-the-Steps could not, or would not, acknowledge that his son considered him unworthy to tell the whole truth now, for he answered : " Bravo ! you are wise. I must honestly say, to see you so wise rejoices me as much as if I were so myself, and still more. Yes, yes, the good a father possesses in his son, is better than if he had it in himself."

It was well the Postmaster was not at home at the revelation to his mother, for the bitter cry, which she ceased not night and day, would have lacerated his heart. She invoked her who was dead, she invoked all good angels, and conjured them to let her take no part in this fearful sin : she was so beside herself that indeed there was some fear for her life ; and Thaddea, who would have nursed her mother-in-law in her sudden illness, was not permitted. A little maid, a child of nine years of age, cried after her : " She will not see you on any account ; you . . . . ."

Thaddea seemed to herself quite lost for the two days during which her husband was away ; and had she not had Magnus with her, she would have pined away for very sorrow. She felt an uneasiness, a strangeness, which she could not explain to herself.

In the afternoon of the day when the Postmaster was without fail to return, she dressed herself gaily and intended to go to meet him ; afterwards, she changed her mind and stayed at home. She had no notion of exposing in the public street the tenderness of her reception. However, she would not have found her husband, for the Baker-at-the-Steps, now that his wife was out of danger, went to meet his son : he made him alight outside the town and walk with him to the Court. What he had hitherto deferred, he would now accomplish ; he would adopt Ernestine.

UNDER THE ROLLING WHEEL.

EVERY afternoon, as it struck half-past two, came in the fast coach from Schaffhausen, and the guard blew a merry note, and then little Magnus always appeared, and he was allowed to sit upon the saddle-horse, which was unharnessed, and panting and weary went, of his own accord, to the stable.

To-day was the first clear winter-day. The ground was frozen hard. To-day Ernestine had earnestly beckoned her brother, and little Magnus was just springing across the street to her as the horses came by: there was no time to pull up, and with a cry of "My Magnus! my brother!" Ernestine flew to the child. He had been thrown down, but she laid no hold on him; she sprang to the bridle of one horse, and, though lifted high up from her feet, she forced him back. The young wife, who had looked out from the window, rushed down and hurried to Magnus, whose forehead was bleeding. In a moment a crowd was collected, and they were obliged to tear Ernestine away, who was clinging to the horse's bridle with unconscious convulsiveness. The mother now raised her bleeding child, and with a cry of sorrow shrieked: "Alas! my poor dear child!"

"No! he is not yours, he is mine: he is my brother, he does not belong to you," sobbed Ernestine.

The mother grew ashy pale as she looked upon the child, who clung to her and almost tore her clothes from her body. She dragged the child with her into the house. There she at once

washed little Magnus's wounds: he had, fortunately, only the skin of his forehead grazed, and his left eyebrow torn; he soon opened his eyes, and a surgeon who was luckily passing came in, and pronounced the wounds not at all dangerous.

"What does that child—Ernestine I think her name is—mean?" asked the wife of the old servant.

"Why, she is yours as well as Magnus; she is his little sister: but, for God's sake, do not say I revealed it."

"That is exactly what the child herself cried out. Oh, Heaven! how have I been treated!"

The wife pressed her white lips together; she needed all her energies to keep her from sinking to the ground.

The Baker-at-the-Steps had been sent for, but he was nowhere to be found; and yet he had not told any one that he was going into the country.

Of course he could not be found, for he was at the Court-house with the Registrar, in the back room.

That there might be a portion of truth in what they told Thaddea, and also because Ernestine was so beloved by her grandfather and grandmother that they could not bear to part with her, it was determined that she should really no longer be the Postmaster's daughter. Her grandparents were to adopt her regularly as their child, and settle upon her a full child's portion. It was a hard trial for the Postmaster to consent to it, but he saw no other escape, and they were for that purpose in the office, and the Baker-at-the-Steps was having an adoption-certificate drawn up.

Just as the Registrar called in his two clerks and bade them sign their names as witnesses, the elder said to the Postmaster:

"Your little boy, Magnus, has fallen under one of the horses, the town surgeon is at your house, and the physician has been sent for."

The Postmaster hurried away; his father could not overtake him.

Must he lose one child because he had disowned the other? "Yes," thought he, "I have sinned. Oh that I alone might expiate my sin without bringing pain on those I love! Oh! Magnus, my poor child, what have you done that you should die!"

The people in the street signed to him to make haste, and many [illegible] to him, and yet the Postmaster felt as though his knees

must give way; and could it be so far from the office to the post? He felt as though he must thrust away the houses with his hand that he might shorten the road. At last he arrived at his house. A crowd of people was assembled there, who opened to let him pass; he stood upon the steps, and could neither draw a breath nor raise a foot, as the old servant shouted from an upper window:

"Come up, sir. Magnus has already asked for you, and it is nothing to signify."

He succeeded in mounting the steps, and when, on opening the door, he cried: "Wife! for God's sake—our child!" his wife drew herself up, looked as though she would speak but could not find utterance, and then sank lifeless upon the ground at the feet of Ernestine, who stood by her: her sudden fall brought the child to the ground also, but she quickly recovered herself.

"She knows all now; Ernestine herself revealed it," said the old servant to her master; and he felt as though he were in the fiery eddies of hell: yonder his bleeding son, here his discarded daughter, and there his wife lifeless—it might be, dead. He covered his face with both his hands: his hair stood on end.

The surgeon soon brought his wife to her senses again; and he and the servant carried her to her bed-chamber, and laid her upon her bed. When the Postmaster touched her, she shrank as from a lightning-flash, and repulsed him with a motion of her head. The Postmaster hastened into the other room to Magnus, whilst Ernestine clung to his knees. "How much life is thine? how many times art thou in the world? and what use hast thou made of it?" said a voice in the Postmaster's soul; and after he had quieted the two children, he went in to his wife: she looked fixedly at him with open, tearless eyes, in silence. He took her hand; she suffered it, but did not return the pressure, and he said: "Thaddea, show me that you have not lost all faith in me; you shall see it will all be well again. I have deserved a heavy chastisement, and God has dealt graciously with me. Oh! be kind also; you were so ever!"

"Go to the children; leave me now alone," said his wife; then buried her head in the pillows and sobbed deeply.

"Yes, sleep awhile," said the Postmaster, as he went out and softly closed the door.

Then, alone, Thaddea suddenly darted up and gazed wildly round her. "Betrayed! deceived! and by him!" she muttered, and her whole body heaved with mighty passion; but she sank back again, and found relief in tears; and seldom in a woman's heart hath harder fight been fought than now Thaddea waged.

UNSEEN, meanwhile, the Baker-at-the-Steps had also come into the room and heard everything. He was at first so deeply shocked that he was forced to sit down. Soon, however, he attempted to turn the matter into ridicule, that it might be taken more easily.

"Father, this comes of artful contrivances; however, I will make you no reproaches: God grant that the reproaches I deserve may be forgiven me too." It was thus the Postmaster had spoken to his father, and the latter, without answering, bade a servant go immediately to his wife and tell her to come as quickly as ever she could—at that very moment. Turning to his son, he then continued:

"Now, I'll tell you how it will be: the two women will forthwith make an alliance, and abuse us, and paint us as black as ever they can lay the colour on: that's wholesome, it acts like purging, and then all is clear. Your wife will, at first sight of your mother, weep and complain, and pour out all her heart: do not disturb her; let her say what she will; let her spend her wrath: when the wrath has been spent, a quiet dinner and a quiet night's rest once more—and the next day, all is sunshine. And what now looks as if it could never be got over, will be cooled down by even-song.

Catherine, bring up a bottle of red wine: I must have a glass of something; I feel queer all over: and you have a glass too; a good glass of wine inside you, like a fresh nag, helps you to top the hill better."

When the Baker's wife, in her usual neat attire, walked into the room and saw the two men over their wine, she looked not a little astonished thereat: however, she said, perhaps from invariable habit, "God bless it!" and turning to the children, she said, "Be quiet, Magnus, I have already heard it is nothing to signify; and, Ernestine, do not hang upon me so, you are now not mine only; God be praised, that is over." She would have separated the girl from her when she entered the bed-chamber, but the child would not leave go, and she said: "Well, for my part I think perhaps it is better: come with me, but you must be good and well-behaved:" and the two men looked after her without saying a word, as she vanished with Ernestine behind the chamber-door.

What would not the Baker-at-the-Steps then have given, could he but have heard what was going on in there! but he could not catch a syllable. In the bed-chamber, however, the Baker's wife said: "Thaddea, dear, you must be destined for favour and happiness, because your lot has been so harsh. Soon each will come and say, 'I am guiltless!' I say not so; I am guilty: I should not have suffered it for a single moment: and you must have remarked, dear, that there was something strange with me. I could not help it. Oh God! what creatures we are! I am not so kind to you as I should be, because an injustice has been committed through you, or properly speaking against you, or in plain terms by us. Oh! my dear girl, I pray you pardon me, do not now as I did; be not angry with the guiltless cause of an injustice. Be kind to this child. Come, give your hand to your mother. Come here, Ernestine, still nearer."

Thaddea put her arm round the child's neck and kissed her; but the child tore herself away with a look of evident aversion, and her

grandmother quietly removed her into the next room ; then she sat a long while in silence beside the wife, whose hand she clasped with her right hand, while she placed her left upon her burning brow.

And as now the hands of the mother for the first time thus caressed her daughter-in-law, her words also became proportionately tender and warm : she had, for the first time, called her "dear," and opened her whole heart to her. Strange must have been Thaddea's feelings, for she said, as she carried her mother's

hand to her lips: "Thank God! he has given me once more a mother. I feel it; and I can henceforth be a mother to two. Why was there any doubt of it?"

The Baker's wife now spoke so earnestly, so warmly, concealing nothing which was wrong, but also laying particular emphasis upon all that was good, that Thaddea said once more: "Ah! my husband was right; I had thought it was excessive filial affection when he sounded your praises so highly, as though you were more than mortal: now I myself see that it is really so. Oh, why did he do me and himself that wrong? Never would I have believed he could be so false, so deceitful! Where is he now? Ah! I know how heavy his heart must now be; for he has done grievous wrong, and the knowledge of that is the hardest burden a good man can bear. And he is a good man still—yes, still. He has but to come to me, and I will help him bear his burden: I am strong. I will get up: it is all over now: I will go to him myself."

"It wanted but this to show me how good you are at heart. That now, in the very moment when you have been outraged—that at this very moment you should only think how hard a burden he has to bear, and should be willing to stand by him and help him bear it, is more, love, than I shall ever forget: and there is One who forgets nothing; He will reward you for it in this world and in the next."

With these words the Baker's wife opened the door, and said aloud: "My son, you are to come in!" and that in a tone which told of entire happiness: and now she went out into the sitting-room and sat down opposite her husband, and drank a sip of the wine which stood before him, and said:

"A happier hour I have never had all my life long, and shall never have again. Oh! there is nothing more beautiful than an upright heart, and our son is the luckiest man the whole world over."

The Baker-at-the-Steps did not understand what was meant, and his wife did not give herself the trouble to enlighten him further.

Meanwhile, the Postmaster was standing in his wife's presence: she held out to him her hand, and said: "Forgive me, that I shrank just now so rudely from your touch. I could not help it; it was an insurmountable feeling. But weep not now: you have done more violence to your own feelings than to mine: yes, you have grieved your own heart, and belied it towards your child, your wife, and the whole world. Why had you no confidence in me? Did you not then believe that it would be a happiness to me to befriend yet another child? And what feelings have you roused in the child! Perhaps it may never be in my power to conquer them! but you shall see I will not be wanting; and God will help me."

The son in the bed-chamber was not much less astonished than the father in the sitting-room; and he seemed lost as he wondered whether it could be his wife—his sore-afflicted, deceived, and slighted wife—who thus spoke. He could not but tell her how it had all happened; and she smiled. When he persisted in taking all blame to himself, and would have left his father out of the scene altogether, she only said:

"Tell me honestly: is it not simple pride of man which makes you unwilling to appear before me as though you had suffered yourself to be ruled by your father? Is it not simply for that that you wish to leave him out of the scene?"

"You are certainly a real father confessor," said the Postmaster; "I am not quite sure it is not so: and be it as it may, if he did mislead me, it is my fault that I suffered myself to be misled: and even if it were not so, he is my father, I have younger shoulders than he, and you are my wife; and do you not love me still? Then I can better bear the blame; but, pray pardon him too."

"Willingly, from my heart. It is easy to pardon those who are really blameless and good; we must pardon the others also."

"Father, you can come in too," cried the Postmaster cheerily.

"Nay, I can now go out," said Thaddea: and she went with her husband into the sitting-room.

The Baker-at-the-Steps offered her his glass, and said : " Have a glass of wine, daughter-in-law."

She took the glass ; said, " Your good health ;" and took a sip.

The Baker-at-the-Steps smiled triumphantly at his son, and now he said : " Yes, dear daughter-in-law, we did not deceive you so very much after all : I have adopted Ernestine before the Court, and formally : she is ours, not yours : not yours, Sir Postmaster, nor your wife's, do you understand ? But I am well aware it is, on that account, not the less pretty of you, dear daughter, to take everything so well ; there are daughters-in-law who would scratch a man's eyes out for it. Now, it is right that you should know all ; still the principal matter remains as it was ; Ernestine is ours, and shall remain with us."

" Nay, she is mine, my child ! And the child's place is with her father, her brother, her mother ; with her who should, and will be her mother, I mean :" and her voice grew firm, as she continued : " On that subject not another word. From this hour Ernestine shall remain with us, and be our child. You need not be afraid, Ernestine : you shall go and see your grandparents as often as you please : but here is your home, and here are your parents. Say you not so, grandmother ? You will pack up her things and send them here to-day ? "

" Leave her at least to-day with us, or as long as you have Magnus to attend to."

" No, not an hour longer shall the child be away from her natural home. Say no more : all shall be forgotten and forgiven : but on that point I will not hear another word."

" She has no right to demand the child, and I shall not give her up," said the Baker-at-the-Steps, turning half to his wife and half to Thaddea.

" I have no right ? But my husband has, and his rights are mine."

" I will make a compromise," interrupted the Baker-at-the-Steps :

"leave us the child for another year: a year from to-day, if God grant us life, I will bring the child to you."

Thaddea was for a while undecided; suddenly she turned her head, and said: "I cannot suffer myself to be misled; I see quite plainly, the child must in this way be spoilt and ruined."

"Yes, she is spoilt already," said her husband, and his father laughed in his face.

"I will keep the child!" said Thaddea once more with decision; "and you shall have her again: but she must leave me in love."

The two men and the grandmother looked at Thaddea with amazement. Her whole manner showed a decision which inspired inevitable respect: the two strongest characteristics of her being, humility and firmness, appeared to-day in the most vivid light.

Ernestine remained at home.

Thaddea, to prevent anticipation, had expressed an intention of herself informing her father of the state of the case. The Baker-at-the-Steps had begged her so to put the case as though she had known all previously; and he tried jestingly to convince her she *had* known all before, that she might find the lie easier. But Thaddea would be no party to deceit; and she had a powerful supporter in her mother-in-law.

For a long while there came no answer from Goldstumpf.

One day the whole house was full of joy, although of short duration. Thaddea's brother, on his way from Switzerland, was travelling down-country, but could only wait while the horses were changed. Thaddea could only just shake him by the hand; but he promised to stay longer on his return.

"Have you any news of my father?" said she.

"Oh dear, no! but there is something the matter with him: he is said to be more wild and furious than ever."

Thaddea trembled as she thought what a fearful scene her father would make again.

The day after her brother had been there for a moment, when the

whole family was sitting quietly together, the door opened—and who entered? Why—Turk, Goldstumpf's huge dog. How comes he here? He knows how to open the door.

"My father is coming! Peace, for God's sake!" cried Thaddea.

They looked out of the window, and, surely enough, there was Goldstumpf getting down from a chaise, which no one had heard drive up. In a loud voice he gave the coachman orders to drive to the Lamb, and he would follow immediately. And now he came in; and all the hands which had been outstretched to him became rigid; so wild, so furious was Goldstumpf's look.

"I haven't much to say," he began: "I have heard how you have deceived me and my child: and those are your honest people! those are your kind-hearted people! And what do folks say of me? What care I? Come with me, Thaddea, this moment:—just as you stand there shall you leave this house. You must not live another second with people who have treated you thus: of myself I will say not a word. Come now; take nothing with you: what belongs to you I will recover by law. Come!"

"Father," said Thaddea, "this is my husband;" as she laid her hand upon Raymond's shoulder.

"And I'll tell you what names you deserve, you honest people! Or let conscience tell you! Come, Thaddea!"

"Nay, father!"

"You will not? Shall I curse you for ever?"

"Father, you cannot."

"If it were true,—and it is not,—if all were true that people say of me," cried Goldstumpf, "it would be child's play to what that fellow, and that, and the whole hypocritical family have done!"

Hitherto no one had spoken except Thaddea and Goldstumpf; but now the Baker-at-the-Steps said: "You're quite right, Stumpf: I told that fellow it would come to this; but what do they care for us old ones? Nothing any longer, nothing at all. Because they can read and write better than we can, we are to be of no account at all

any longer. You see now, Raymond, what a piece of work you have made."

Goldstumpf gazed at the Baker with not less astonishment than did the others. He, the prime originator, now washing his hands of the whole! What could it mean?

"With you, too, I have nothing to say," said Goldstumpf. "Thaddea, I ask you once more: will you go with me this moment? No? Very well! Then I must go alone; and you shall hear from me."

"I will go with you," said the Baker-at-the-Steps; and linked his arm in Goldstumpf's.

The two women and his son looked after him in amazement; and they could still see through the window how Goldstumpf tried to

shake the Baker off, but the latter would not relinquish his hold; and, positively, he brought him back from the road to the Lamb, and now they were going in the direction of the Baker's house.

The old Baker-at-the-Steps kept repeating as they went, "You are quite right; I agree with all you say; you can say whatever you please: only go with me, and don't oblige yourself to make the matter public, and then find you can't reverse it."

"That is just what I want. I want not to be able to reverse it."

"Very well; you can manage that just as well in an hour's time."

The Baker succeeded in dragging him, exasperated to the highest degree, into his house; and there they sat in the "Baker's chambers:" and Goldstumpf was himself perplexed that he was so completely justified by his adversary. His hatred and his fury were by that means already partially subdued; but it appeared that it was not fury alone which prompted him: it repented him altogether that he had given his daughter away; he felt alone and forsaken. Now was the best opportunity of winning back his daughter for ever. He wanted once more the property Thaddea had inherited from her mother: and Thaddea herself, when once she was divorced, could not leave him any more, must tend him patiently her whole life long, and have no further wishes for herself. The Baker-at-the-Steps was clever enough to worm from him these secret motives; and now he said something to him,—it was not true, but a lie more or less mattered little now,—he gave him to understand that he could not have his daughter to live with him any longer alone.

Goldstumpf gave his dog, who had been rubbing himself against him, a kick; and the Baker nodded at the dog, and his glance seemed to say: "Soho! the shot has spent itself upon you: now all will be well." But aloud he said: "Look here! you are just like an unskilful rider who has lost his reins: he grabs after them like this, you see, without thinking how, at each duck of his head, he pricks his bridleless horse with the spurs in his boots." The Baker-at-the-Steps sat down, rider-wise, upon a chair, and illustrated his

proposition with much cleverness. It was enough to make one laugh, but Goldstumpf was not equal to laughing yet.

"Well, I was mistaken in you," said the Baker.

"How so?" snarled Goldstumpf.

"I should have thought you would laugh enough to split your sides at the addition you receive; or properly speaking, not you; it doesn't concern you at all, of course."

Goldstumpf bit his lips, and threw himself back in the arm-chair and closed his eyes. Now the Baker-at-the-Steps wished to induce him to try his approved method, to go to bed just for an hour: then all would get comfortably settled and put to rights. Goldstumpf laughed aloud at this proposition, and now a further step was made towards victory. Only let the adversary once laugh, and passion and fury are at an end. Goldstumpf struggled indeed against it; and shouted: "The devil take you for making me laugh! I won't laugh! I—ha! ha! ha! I'll knock you down if you make me laugh any more."

But the Baker began to sing him a child's lullaby, and that in so laughable and absurdly impudent a manner, that Goldstumpf once more was forced to laugh. As, however, he raised his fist again, and actually smashed a chair, the Baker-at-the-Steps changed his tune; and, with really masterly skill, he abused, in the character of Goldstumpf, with the very raciest terms, both the Baker-at-the-Steps, that good-for-nothing sack carrier, and the Postmaster, that hypocritical, beggarly schoolmaster, and the whole world in the same fashion. And then he cursed that he couldn't take his child with him; and then he swore nevertheless he would take her.

Goldstumpf struck his strong fist upon the table, and roared: "Anyhow I am not going to be made a fool of. I know who I am; and you'll not catch me with chaff."

The Baker-at-the-Steps was helpless; his artifices were all in vain. In his embarrassment he seized a cap belonging to his wife, which lay upon the bench. She had thrown it off in a hurry, and put on

another. And now, as he held in his hand his wife's cap, it was as though he learnt to mould his thoughts after hers, and to arrange things after her fashion, for he said :

" Look you here ! You've a hard lot in the world ! Don't take what I say in bad part : you are without a single real friend to be a check upon you ; you associate with people who are indifferent to you, or else must flatter you because they live by you. What your position is with reference to your children, you know yourself but too well. Having once chosen the headstrong path, you imagine you will lose caste, and people will point the finger at you if you turn to the right or left. You persuade yourself it is strong-minded, you show a master-spirit by not giving way an inch. But do you know whom you harm most by that ? Yourself. You have still a void at your heart. Now don't fly into a passion, but hear me out," continued the Baker-at-the-Steps, as he slowly twisted a riband of the cap round the forefinger of his left hand. " Tell me now honestly, is it worth while, for a trumpery world's opinion, to spurn from you the best that you might have, only that everybody may say :—'Yes, Stumpf is a strong-minded man, a man of iron' ? And what does the world give you in exchange ? What you can buy, not a jot more ! But if you would for once be forgiving and gentle ; believe me, that is a draught which no landlord can pour out for you. Try but once the taste of it, and the more you drink, the more you will thirst for it : try it but once, it will do you good. Let the sardonic devils show their teeth and grin ! After a day they will envy you, and then the cry will be : 'We cannot bear to see him so happy !' Give me one grasp of the hand ; open your fist. Come, try it for once ! "

The Baker spoke now with a voice full of emotion ; and his words seemed to loosen Goldstumpf's inward determination, as well as his clenched fist. But still, as Goldstumpf now gave him his hand, he tried to squeeze his until he should roar again. The Baker was not disinclined for it, and strong withal ; and so they strove with one

another, and each squeezed the other's hand so vigorously, that it seemed as if they must mutually crush the bones; till at last the Baker cunningly cried out: "I've found my master!" And now Goldstumpf laughed almost pleasantly.

Whilst the two men were sitting together, and the Baker-at-the-Steps was watching Goldstumpf like a wild beast, the Postmaster, with his mother and wife, was canvassing his father's strange conduct. The Baker's wife knew her husband exactly; for she said: "He was right, and he is wise; it is better he should lay all upon you, you still remain the son-in-law; and if he is quite free of blame, there is still one of us there to speak with Thaddea's father, and arrange matters before they go too far."

And so indeed it came to pass. In an hour's time Goldstumpf came back with the Baker, after they had been to the office and seen the certificate of adoption.

Thaddea would have embraced her father, but he put her aside. He spoke little, and only said: "I don't care, I can't alter it." He had also, however, ordered his chaise to the house immediately, and announced his intention of going away; and, without a single shake of the hand, he departed. But strangely enough, he did not take the road homewards to the high land, but down-country.

A change had taken place in Goldstumpf, such as only a storm could produce. Even while he raged, he could not in secret divest himself of the impression which had been made upon him, by the fact, that Thaddea had, under the influence of invincible love, taken to her bosom a strange child—a child they would have kept from her. An inward voice said to him: "Wherefore with thy violence dost thou make thyself a step-father to thine own children?" When then the Baker-at-the-Steps, after all his droll talking, repeated as it were all his own thoughts aloud, he bit his lips almost through. And now at his departure, he was not yet resolved whither to go: and yet it seemed to him all at once so dreary to go home. He stood by the chaise, and felt that it was all one whither he went; he had

really nowhere a warm attachment, and suddenly he cried to the driver: "Turn round! Drive down-country!" He threw himself back in the chaise, as if purposeless—as if overcome by a strange spell: he was resolved now to efface all differences; he did not own to himself, and much less to any one else, that peace would do him good, and he required it; he flattered himself he was playing the part of a magnanimity which grants grace to a spoilt, weak, and good-for-nothing world.

So he had gone in search of his son, and after a few days he drove up with him to the Post, and Thaddea was full of joy and happiness, but Goldstumpf said continually: "The world is altogether deceitful; why should I embitter my life by holding fast to one thing? I am the only really honest man I know;" and with this consoling reflection he departed, in company with his son.

OBSTRUCTED.

EVEN in actions, of which one cannot believe it possible that there can be any misunderstanding, yet, by keeping one's ears open, and observing the words and looks with which people criticise them, one finds a distortion and a misconception which could not have been imagined.

Thaddea's cleaving to her child, for instance; could that well be called anything beyond a sort of self-willed sense of duty? And yet, from house to house the story went, that inborn devilry, unwarrantable love of rule, and desire of oppression, such as could only have been inherited from Goldstumpf, had suggested Thaddea's course of action. She grudged the poor child its kind education at the house of its grandparents: and, alas! it must be owned, that, while here and there a man was found to undertake Thaddea's defence, it was principally the women who condemned her.

Even Thaddea herself had suddenly become faint-hearted; for it often happens, when under an inspired impulse, amid a storm of emotions, a self-sacrifice has been undertaken, there arise afterwards

doubts of its practicability, mistrust of individual strength, and perhaps even the reflection, that such a sacrifice is useless, and to no purpose.

Thaddea saw in everybody's glance something chilling; she did not feel sure whether it were on Ernestine's account; she fancied she was, from her life at home, too mistrustful—too suspicious of mankind. And still, as she could not but notice that there was some inexplicable obstacle between her and mankind, she attributed it to the character which her father bore, and which, painted in still blacker colours, had found its way here too. What pained her most was, that the Baker's wife too, who had adhered so closely to her, now, when the exciting moments were over, behaved towards her with some stiffness. She had often enough experienced in life, that she would never meet with unadulterated good-will, but would first have to clear away the hindrances of prejudice; and now she had saddled herself with a heavy hindrance. But Thaddea soon got over her sorrow, and was once more the quiet, self-relying nature. She conquered every doubt, every desire to look for approbation, or to listen for applause. She was one of those natures who dare to trust themselves; to believe that what they desire with all their souls is also right, and that there is need only of time to make it appear plainly before their own and others' eyes.

In Ernestine, she had a model to work upon in her endeavour to conquer the evil opinion of the world. She treated Ernestine with never-varying equanimity: and the latter often looked askance at her, and wondered what it could mean. And as with Ernestine, so she behaved herself towards all her new circle—relations and strangers. She had self-possession and firmness enough not to live even in the matter of men's love from hand to mouth, so to speak. She did not belong to those who wish to be loved at first sight, who have a smile ever ready—who, in the visits which they pay and receive, are evidently more or less always thinking; "As soon as your back is turned, they will say: 'Ah! but what a splendid woman!

so clever, so kind, so handsome, &c. &c.'" Thaddea could wait until the natural course of things was matured. Sincere humility, as well as sincere self-confidence, had combined to make in her a peculiar blending of character. She came to meet every one with composure. She was not, however, abashed before all, when the hand which was offered in the spirit as well as in the flesh, was either not grasped at all, or not as she expected.

Besides, she could now so much the more easily dispense with the world in that she had a husband, who, with unaffected zeal, lived only to please her; and she had a child, to whom she could hourly dedicate all her love, and who soon clung to her with an earnestness that cheered her heart.

Little Magnus, who was full four years old, could scarcely speak at all, and that so inarticulately, and after such a peculiar style of word-mimicry, that it was only by habit and faithful attention thereto, that anybody could understand him. This circumstance the child was aware of from the fact, that his father was often obliged to say, "Wife, what is he saying now? what does he mean?" And his wife could explain clearly what the child was prattling; and when she explained it, the boy looked up in her face with a happy, thankful expression. Without labouring for that single object, Thaddea, by her way of managing the boy, won still more the heart of her husband. Day after day she had some new circumstance to tell him, from which it appeared how quick and good-natured the boy was, and all that he wanted was careful and attentive training.

No words of love for himself, however tender, would have warmed the father's heart so much, as these evidences of love for his boy; and the child appeared to him regenerate; indeed, it seemed as though hitherto he had never been washed and neatly clad: even in his every-day morning dress, he always looked now decked out for Sunday. The more the Postmaster felt cheered at heart to see how his wife managed the boy, and how he clung to her with tender

love, the more painful was it to him to see Ernestine's stubborn, obdurate manner. She did with rigorous punctuality what she was ordered, but nothing more.

Nothing came spontaneously from the child—not a word of love, or of hatred; and her father was almost inclined to doubt whether there were a single emotion of heart in the child to be awakened. He was often on the point, in a moment of violent anger, of chastising her. He saw how she met his wife's truly motherly care with a bitter scowl; and the "Thank you," that she was forced by necessity to utter, was so bitterly snarled out, that it sounded almost like a curse.

Thaddea, however, was wise enough to pacify her husband; and she said: "Trust to me, I will win the child's heart; but it is not to be taken by storm. Nothing was ever, in my ideas, more vexatious, than for hitherto unknown relations and friends to come into a house, and say to children: 'Do you hear, I am your uncle, your aunt, your cousin John, or your cousin Mary; so you must love me.' A child's notions of the relationships of life are confined to habit, services, and confidential association. I observe that Ernestine fears me no longer, and I can tell you, I am glad I did not allow myself to be diverted from my purpose of keeping her with us: now is the time for winning her love—now or never."

CHASTISEMENT AND LOVE.

DEEPER than the visible wound upon little Magnus' forehead was one invisible, and that was in the heart of Ernestine.

It was difficult to explain, and so it was considered almost a miracle, that Magnus, since his accident, was particularly brightened ; and, what was most remarkable, that difficulty of speech he had formerly experienced, he, in some unaccountable manner, lost so quickly, and replaced by rapidity, that you would have thought he was another child altogether. Ernestine, on the contrary, had gone back, and always moved about as though she had been, the moment before, knocked down. The whole family laid siege to Thaddea ; she might as well allow the child, at least for a time, to return to her grandparents : she could, of course, at a later period, have her back again ; but Thaddea insisted that, unless she now, without intermission, laboured to overcome the child's natural aversion, and win her love, it would be lost to her for ever, and there would remain something deep-seated in her, of which no one could predict the consequences. Only to the Baker's wife she

owned in secret that she would have no objection to transfer the child, at a later period, once more to her grandparents ; but not until she had learnt to live at home in perfect love with her and her father.

Thaddea was a wise and good mother ; she was not, as is so often the case, simply fond or cross, kissing or scolding, imperturbable or irritable: she had a quiet, measured, and unchangeable gravity which wins, not soon, but the more certainly ; and with such an undeviating character, every, even the slightest mark of affection, becomes a significant expression. If she had but once stroked little Magnus' head, it was more than all your passionate, ecstatic outburst of love ; and it was just that which delighted the Baker's wife so much in her daughter-in-law ; and she was never tired of singing her praises: so that the Baker-at-the-Steps, whenever he saw his wife in earnest conversation with a friend, used to say : "You've been preaching about Thaddea again, I know : she's always your text."

The Baker-at-the-Steps, meanwhile, had sundry grudges against his daughter-in-law. He took particular interest in the Post-office ; not only on account of its general atmosphere of business, but principally on account of the mails. He was activity itself, when he was present as the letters were sorted, and liked to peer into the letters, scanning addresses and seals with peculiar gusto : but soon the Postmaster put a stop to it. And the Baker-at-the-Steps believed,

perhaps not without justice, that it was at the instance of his daughter-in-law when the Postmaster said in a decided tone : " It is contrary to my duty, father, and I cannot allow it !"

Besides, the Baker-at-the-Steps found the propriety and dignity which Thaddea, without being proud, always preserved, extremely irksome. There was nothing more disagreeable to him than an uniform behaviour, demanding true respect : whether it were that the habits of his past life, and his life generally, rebelled, or because his pride revolted, as he felt that he was wanting in everything which could effect the same in him. He would fain have changed subdued dignity into confidentially noisy familiarity. He only felt quite happy and comfortable in his shirt-sleeves. To his wife he bemoaned himself that Thaddea, though she didn't exactly insist upon it, behaved in such a manner, and kept a body in such order, that he felt inclined to put on his Sunday coat when he went to see her. He tried all his never-failing jokes to bring Thaddea to his way of thinking, but he had no success ; and between father-in-law and daughter-in-law—a relationship which generally awakens once more some of the gallantry of youthful days towards woman —there was a life of estrangement.

The Baker-at-the-Steps paid Thaddea all reverence, of course, because she was so rich, and yet behaved so modestly to everybody ; however, he gave her also to understand that he considered her pertinacity in keeping his grand-daughter, as nothing but a particular kind of pride and obstinacy.

Thaddea found it hard to bear this misconstruction, but she had sufficient power over herself to go straightforward on her way, without looking right or left ; and the triumph of perfect uprightness is this, under the burden of misconstruction nevertheless to persevere, sure of itself, and sure that the ultimate result will overcome ill-will ; and this way of sorrow is more easily trodden, when there is the cheering sound of good report without, and of this her mother-in-law gave full measure.

Hitherto Thaddea had displayed not the slightest fondness for Ernestine, but managed her with carefulness and determination. She superintended, too, her school work; and herein it was particularly her writing on which she bestowed peculiar attention. Whilst the Postmaster felt exceeding pleasure in his child's reading so plainly, rapidly, and expressively, Thaddea kept most attentive watch upon her good writing; and that is an universal trait exhibited in the consideration by parents of their children's school instruction: is it, perhaps, that women lay so much stress upon beautiful writing, because it is something visible to the eye, something connected with beauty, which is actually tangible? The Baker's wife, whose happy understanding with her daughter-in-law increased more and more, suffered her to go on just in her own fashion, and only pointed out to her what there was that lay in her way. She once said to her daughter-in-law: "I will tell you when Ernestine will be really your child: when you have once given her a hearty box on the ear. Until you do so, you feel, without being aware of it, that you are strange to her, and so dare not chastise her; and that she is strange to you, because she does not provoke you, as a child of your own would; for one's own child is provoking just because it is dear. You want the child to feel at home in its parents' house; but by treating it half as a fine young miss, and putting no hard work upon it, you make it from that moment a complete stranger in its own home. The child fancies, because it is not even once made miserable, it is not at home. God knows, you are about the first step-mother who has been obliged to be told so."

"It may be: I will try," said Thaddea; "and be sure, on the first opportunity, I will chastise her."

"Stay," said the Baker's wife, "you are not yet quite perfect. Do you know which is the best box on the ear?"

"No!"

"That which is given without prologue or epilogue—without threat or warning. Smack! once—one sound cuff, and not a word

besides—that does most good, both to the giver and receiver, that lasts for ever. Ask your husband: I gave him, twice in my life, a box on the ear without speaking a word, and he has never forgotten it. But to confine both yourself and child to civil phrases, sooner or later spoils the parents as well as the child."

It would not have been in the child's nature to remain so long hardened against its mother, had it not keenly watched its grandfather's discontent, and had not strangers laboured to incite it. When they met Ernestine in the street, they pitied the child for being obliged to go about in such or such a dress—one day too warm, another too cold. "Ah!" said they, "it is very hard not to have your own mother:" and, "Doesn't your step-mother leave you to sleep all alone? What a shame! such a forsaken child, all alone. Do you get enough to eat, dear? Only tell me, and I will gladly give you something. Ah! if your own mother had dreamt of this!"

Thus was Ernestine continually stopped when she went along the streets, and the inward opposition of the child was always provoked afresh. An additional reason, to be sure, was, that Thaddea found fault with, and corrected many things in the behaviour of the child which her grandparents had been more indulgent to, or not censured at all.

There are many people who are very thankful to hear good advice, and cannot protest sufficiently how much good it does them, and how glad they are to be told of this or that by those who mean them well. But it is only a firm, upright heart, which can break off its habits of life, especially when it believes that it has been acting with the best intentions, and that it only rested with others to avail themselves thereof.

It flashed, once upon a time, like a sudden revelation upon Thaddea, as she sat and thought in silence, that you must be kind to a child without expecting any return. "Ah! yes," thought she, "I see in my husband what natural parental love is: he would give them the very best morsel from his own mouth, aye, the last he had

upon his table, though what he fancied most. Can that be only the love of natural parents, and can not I also attain to it? I can towards Magnus be even more, for he is more confiding. Should reward be looked to in such a thing as this? It must, it must be that one can take the place of the actual mother: to that end surely we are fellow-creatures—to that end we have the power of thought—to that end we can form rules for guidance in our brain; and my mother-in-law is right, the child is too much a stranger to me."

Thenceforth, Thaddea kept Ernestine to all kinds of household duties. She often sent her on errands hither and thither; she demanded all kinds of services from her. The Postmaster shook his head in silence, but the child was pleased thereby, inasmuch as for a child there is nothing more pleasurable than to be able to show its importance; a real consciousness that itself too has some power, can accomplish something, a real feeling of delight in its own consequence, which becomes an idea of its indispensability, is most beneficial to a child. Thus Ernestine was happy and cheerful in all these duties, until compassionate people complained more and more that she was obliged to be her step-mother's Cinderella, who, of course, in secret, belaboured and thumped her; and the child had such spirit, that she would tell no tales of her horrid step-mother. Why, you could scarcely get a word out of her; but everybody knew what was the reason she was so shy of answering when any one questioned her. When, therefore, Ernestine told them that she slept alone in the dark, that she washed and dressed herself, compassionate women clasped their hands above their heads in horror. Thus was the child again continually estranged from her mother, who devoted herself to her with all her might. Thaddea now would often feel a doubt, whether her toil would meet with success; but the confidence which she had once expressed to her husband, and which he had clung to, now returned again, as it were, from him to her. The Postmaster was once more as happy as in the

days of his full youth: for your softer sort of people have, with many disadvantages, this one advantage over the hard and firm, that there is in them an inexhaustible power of rejuvenescence, just because everything moves them more; or, properly speaking, because they continue in a constant state of youthful growth.

The Postmaster, though he certainly could not be acquitted of weakness, gained at Thaddea's side daily in manly firmness. He had hitherto lived only in a hum-drum fashion, he needed not to exert himself to here and there preserve appreciation and love. Now that he wished to show Thaddea he could act firmly and decidedly, he gained visibly in manly confidence.

Thaddea had only on one single occasion entered upon the subject, while her husband made frequent mention of the past and comparisons between the melancholy he had suffered and the exceeding joy he now experienced at finding everything so bright and fair and happy; and in the midst of his delight he was always reproaching himself for days gone by.

"I have noticed already many times," she then said, "you are just the reverse of me: I cannot work in a room, cannot be easy, nay, cannot sleep a wink, unless everything about me is properly arranged in its place: you on the contrary can, and it has its advantage."

"You are always right, and find some good in everything."

"Then we must both learn from each other; you will become more orderly, and I no more so over-careful, as though some one were standing behind me drilling me. I am always pleased to see the postilions harnessing the horses so quickly; yet they do it with the greatest deliberation, with slow movements: that is better than restless hurry; and yet they are always ready in time."

The house of the Postmaster would now have been perfectly blest, had the child allowed herself at last to be won and the memory of the past been wiped out.

It was towards the end of March: days spring-bright had already

paid a visit: but now again deep snow was lying: folks found themselves once more in winter; but it could not last long. The mother was telling her children that the starlings had already come, and gone again; where they now sojourned none could tell: and the children listened wonderingly.

Ernestine sat by her mother's side; she was learning to sew. There was need of much patience with her, for the child was averse to this work.

Thaddea was sitting at her wheel and spinning: little Magnus was playing with his wooden bricks behind the table. The mother rose and left the room, to superintend some household business: when she came in again, the flax was pulled to pieces, and the wheel in disorder.

"That is your doing," said the mother, sternly; "come here, Ernestine—here, quite close. See what work you have made: do you see what great trouble I have to put all in order again? I tell you for the last time—I tell you, you shall be whipt if you do not leave the spinning-wheel alone. Now, sit down and go on with your sewing; move your stool this way—to my left side—that I may be able to see how you manage."

She did so. And now nothing was to be heard but the low whirr of the spinning-wheel, as it went softly round; and Thaddea for a long while did not look at the child, that she might have time to recover herself.

What passes in a child's soul who can tell? The expressions and sensations of children are often of themselves a marvel. They have silent thoughts, never formed into words; they have decisions often springing up within them which none would believe had they not had experience thereof themselves.

Never before had Thaddea spoken so sternly to the child as to-day; never before had the child seen such an expression upon her face; her eye so steadily, so piercingly fixed upon her: and now, doubtless, there was a peculiar heaving and tossing in the childish

bosom: she pressed nearer to her mother than she had ever pressed before. Was it fear or love that prompted her?

Thaddea was conscious of the approach; and, lifting her hand from her spinning-cotton, laid it briskly upon the child's head, and said no more than "Be a good girl!" Then once more was heard for a while nothing but the whizzing of the wheel; and two hearts went beating side by side, but none boded how they would find accord.

The sun of early spring shone warmly through the window; Thaddea rose and moved the pots of flowers which she had brought with her from home, within reach of the sunbeams. A peculiar good-will stole over Thaddea; for there are moments in which we participate in the spirit of universal life. How must the warm light refresh the little plants, as they receive, for the first time here, the welcome sun; they grew far away from here, but the sun can find them everywhere. Thaddea for an instant folded her hands; for, in such moments of concentration and fixed attention upon familiar objects, it seems as though the most familiar suddenly brought a lesson before the eyes. Nurtured in sunshine! And love is the sunshine of the human heart! Poor child of man, on whose tender years of life there is no love to shine!

Thaddea felt she must find some means, as she had brought the plants into the sunshine, of bringing the child also into a position to perceive the love which she devoted to it. She turned herself towards the child, and brighter sunbeam never gleamed than the light that now shone in her eyes. The child, probably, felt this look without seeing it; for it shrank within itself, but moved no further, and did not look away.

And yet Ernestine's obstinacy was not yet subdued.

Her mother had once more left the room; and as she suddenly opened the door and came in, there stood the child again at the spinning-wheel. With rapid step Thaddea approached, lifted her hand, and smote the child's cheek that it burned again—once!

She said not a single word. She seated the child once more on the stool hard by her, gave her her work in her hand, without adding any warning. Now the wheel went flying round, and now the cotton dropped: but faster than the wheel revolved the thoughts in Thaddea's heart. It had come at last: she had chastised the child, and the child sat by her side and sobbed; and for a while both again were silent.

Whoever pays attention to children, will very frequently find, that even the best managed do not like obeying a prohibition implicitly and unconditionally. This sudden curtailing of their own will by the limiting power of a stranger's, clashes too much with the self-conceited, nay, honourable feelings, which are stirring even in a child. Forbid him to touch anything; he will, as much as possible, only by slow and gradual steps abstain, and like to touch it if it be but once more, that he may seem to obey the command of his own free will. At the same time, even when a child has been justly chastised, there abides in the mind of the chastiser a certain displeasure against himself; and nothing is more dangerous than, under the influence of such feelings, to immediately console the child, and promise him something nice on a future day, or even give it him at once. Thaddea allowed Ernestine to exhaust her tears, gladly as she would have dried them for her. Not until some time had elapsed, and Ernestine had become quite composed, did she say: "If you are a good girl, you shall, next winter, have a spinning-wheel of your own, and I will teach you to spin."

"Yes, and mother keeps her promise," cried wise Master Magnus from behind the table, and Thaddea smiled happily at this child-like confidence: for she had taken care that no promises were made any more to the children, which were not kept.

Again all was silent in the room. Thaddea felt Ernestine nestling closer and closer to her, nay, she thought she saw the child kiss her dress, and now the child's head really sank upon her lap. She softly moved the wheel with her right foot, and the child rested

against her left side and fell asleep: and now it was breathing heavily, and Thaddea gazed down upon the child and in her soul there was music like the burthen of the old song,—

"What is softer than eider-down?
A mother's lap.
What is sweeter than honey-comb?
A mother's breast."

And her glance grew even more earnest; and now the child opened her eyes, and her eyes met a glance—aye! a true mother's

glance; and none could have said which was the first, as one bent down and one sprang up, and, "My child!" "My mother!" was all they said, and a bright sunbeam darted obliquely through the panes, and mother and child were clasped in a close embrace.

But Thaddea did not long give way to such caressing; she liked to put her feelings of love into some practical form, and the Bakeress-at-the-Steps was not far from right, when she said of her, "You see goodness in all she does, but you cannot say, it is just there! Her goodness is like the butter which is baked in the bread: it is everywhere!" Thaddea soon took Ernestine on her lap and taught her to spin; and when her father came in and was astonished to see them thus, Ernestine cried out to him with cheerful tones, "Father, mother has promised that next winter I shall have a wheel of my own, and mother keeps her promises." And, indeed, Thaddea did keep her promise; Ernestine became her child.

Goldstumpf has been dead some time. The Baker-at-the-Steps hadn't much good to say of him after his death, for what he left was so insignificant, it was hardly worth saying anything about; and besides, in his last years, Goldstumpf had displayed sincere piety, so that the Baker-at-the-Steps used to say of him: "Yes, yes; that is just it—the good years he kept to himself, and the bad ones he gave to God."

It was, however, no little matter for the Baker-at-the-Steps that he did not make Thaddea feel how Goldstumpf had deceived him: he didn't own to himself that he had also practised deceit against the dead, and he maintained that Thaddea it was who smoothed away all difficulties.

Ernestine is now married to the model-teacher at Neustadt. The old Baker-at-the-Steps danced with his wife at his grandchild's wedding, and at supper was very merry, saying, it certainly couldn't be helped, teaching was hereditary in his family. Folks call Ernestine

too the handsome teacher; now, however, it is only in her daughters that you can see how handsome she once was, though not one of her daughters can compare with her in height: they have all rather the short figure of the model-teacher, who is a son of the merchant Mr. Stumpf of Freiburg. The handsome teacher has now, however, a new style of beauty with her grey locks; and a peculiar glance, a peculiar brightness spreads over her features when, with her thrilling voice (she used to sing treble), she asserts that, alas! among a hundred step-mothers, there is scarcely one good, real mother to be found, who will give a child what it most needs: the spiritual mother-milk, which indeed is love. And when she relates how she reached the highest happiness, how at first she had been stubborn, and disowned, and then with all the more joy entered her heaven on earth, and how Thaddea had ever remained the same to her, even when she had children of her own: at such times, she makes all who hear her happy too, for to hear of the good deeds of one strong heart—this gives strength to every heart.

NOTES FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF THE PASTOR OF THE MOUNTAIN.

NOTES FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK

OF

THE PASTOR OF THE MOUNTAIN.

HURRAH FOR THE NEXT.

I WAS Vicar of the town, and at the same time master at the national school: among my candidates for confirmation was a lad of particularly interesting character; he was always ready and willing, and had besides a rare, quick, and peculiar apprehension. His parents were poor, honest people; the father supported his family but scantily by his handiwork, for he was a turner of the old school; he could not procure the new-fashioned machines, and would probably have been unable to use them if he could. At the confirmation lessons I learnt to know my brown-eyed William—he was well-grown too, and had something attractively bashful in his manner—more and more intimately. His proper destination became continually more evident,—he seemed to me intended for a scholar,—but so compliant was he, that without a word of opposition, and, as it seemed, without any inward objection, he willingly consented to learn his trade of his father. Father and son, however, were quite prepared, should another vocation fall in his way, to avail themselves of it.

I was for a long while in doubt whether I ought to leave him to his fate, or might, in this case, consider myself justified in a decided interference.

I find in my papers of that date a short essay upon the caste system of the Egyptians, wherein I attempted to show, that, notwithstanding the palpable hardship and cruelty of the system, there was still some compensation in the fact, that family ties were thus more firmly and internally knit. Supposing the son not to enter upon a different line of life, in which he must follow a totally different manner of life, he remains still more the son for that very reason. There ensue none of those estrangements or those hideous differences at all, which so often sever the natural ties.

However, I must have soon relinquished these views, for I find written under my arguments in large letters, "Sheer Nonsense." And, in fact, that is the higher progressive life, which, in spite of outward differences of calling, builds up on a new basis the natural union. The history of mankind teaches us, that the grandest pioneers of life have risen from the lowest grades, and thereby alone is created a constant adjustment and development of universal existence. I descended from my general and universal speculations to the consideration of the plain question before me: "Can you answer it to your conscience, if you interfere with this lad's lot in life? Supposing him to follow his natural path—as he will do if you leave him to his fate—and afterwards to find himself equal to something superior, he can apply this power to any vocation for its improvement; and yet, is not this reflection only a palliation of your own indolence? Nothing is more easy than to find motive reasons, or more correctly prohibitive reasons, for doing nothing.

I was acquainted with an excellent schoolmaster in the town, who is head of a large educational establishment. To him I represented the boy's character, and showed him some of his school exercises, at which the master said: "My dear sir, surely you are a little too enthusiastic: such specimens as you have shown me, give no security of future excellence. We who have had experience, have seen in thousands of instances that the hero of such beginnings as these, grows up into a very ordinary sort of lad, for whom it had

been far better had he been taught some honest trade. Still I must confess you cannot be sure at the outset. Look at the tree in blossom here; thousands and thousands of blossoms will fall and never become fruit; yet I may not *pluck* off even one, for neither you, nor I, nor any man alive can say which blossom will or will not become fruit. Bring the boy to me, and I will test him and find out what he can do; and if I am pleased with him, we will see what can be made of him."

I brought William, and even the cool, experienced master was evidently delighted with him.

I will be brief—for it grieves me still to think thereon. At the time I was completely overwhelmed.

Not a year had yet elapsed, and William had made very fair progress, without exactly manifesting any peculiar genius, when he was expelled from the school for a continual series of thefts, which he had perpetrated with a really finished rascality.

I will say nothing of my feelings when I had to fetch the boy away and put him into another line of life. Since then he entered the army, and his superiors give him the character of a good, steady sergeant.

My hardest blow was the thought how that noble schoolmaster, who, as much or more than myself, had seen confidence and kindness so requited, would be affected by the result.

I went to him, and when I said how, independently of other considerations, I was pained to think that those children, whose parents held a high position in society,—William's schoolfellows,—could not but form a sad opinion of the poor, whom they would henceforth regard as peculiarly inclined to and adapted for crime, and how shocking it would be to have that idea working upon young, impressible spirits, the schoolmaster smiled and said: "I hope it is not so in my school; I hope no such feeling will result: and, generally speaking, such events do not make so deep an impression as you imagine."

"Not even with you?" said I.

"How do you mean?" said he.

"I am fearful that the boy's misconduct may redound not only to his own, but to others' misfortune. You will be shocked. If, for instance, another such, a poor but gifted lad, should come to you, you will, in remembrance of your former venture—"

"—Look upon him and treat him with strict impartiality," interrupted the schoolmaster, as he smilingly grasped my hand. "Our good-will would rest on but slight foundations, could it be so soon overthrown. Of course, as a University man, you know the old saying in the round-about song, 'Hurrah for the next!' 'Vivat sequens!' Well, then, bring me another boy,—'Hurrah for the next!'"

It grieves me that I may not give the name of that noble man here, but he will some day read what I have written; and should it vex him that I have made known to all the world his deed of goodness, let him think that others will by this means be enabled to emulate him in thought and deed, and that there is thus another meaning attached to these words,

"HURRAH FOR THE NEXT!"

THE BEGGAR-BOY.

THAT was in the happiest days of my life, (said a young scholar; he has now, however, been a long while grey-headed:) that was in the days when I lived on in an uninterrupted dream of happiness. I had found the maiden of my choice; and, in the face of all the world, I might call her mine. I walked along the streets, and had no distinct comprehension who or what I was. Yonder, in the gabled house, was beating a pure, angelic heart: and for me alone

it lived: and as I walked with her, while she leant upon my arm, I thought, "Surely it is a being complete and perfect for a child of earth; endowed with every noble gift; and she is mine, all mine." The whole world was bright; every face was beaming joy. Oh, yes! all hearts were glad when they saw us thus with one another. We were paying our wedding visits, and I grudged everybody who had known her as a child; who could tell me this or that about her ere our lives were joined in one. Why had one second of her life escaped me?

And so we strolled along the streets; ascended and descended flights of steps; and sat with folks who gloried in our bliss: and all was joy and happiness.

As we were on our way to call on an old instructor of my love, a beggar-boy addressed me, and, with piteous tones, complained that he had no bread at home. It was to me almost incomprehensible, that there should be in the world unhappiness and want. I took the boy with me to the nearest baker's, and bought him a huge loaf of bread. He first looked wonderingly at my proceedings when I did not give him money, and then ran joyously away. We still went on; and, at the corner of the corn-market, again a pale lad begged for bread: it seemed too far to go back to the baker's; and, to confess the truth, I was ashamed to go; for I was fearful my behaviour would attract attention; indeed, my first purchase had been noticed with astonishment. So I gave the lad a gold piece, —I don't know what it was,—and said: "There, go to the baker's, and buy a loaf of bread, and bring me back the change: we are going to make a call here, so wait till we come out."

My love at first looked at me with a smile; and then she said, with a look which must have stirred all noble sentiments in every heart, and with a sweet gentle voice withal: "Yes, child, I am sure you are honest and good; you will bring us back the change."

The boy looked at her with glistening eyes; and without a sign, or word of answer, turned away.

As we mounted the steps, I said: "It was certainly wrong in me to lead the boy into temptation. Very likely we shall be deceived."

"And suppose we are deceived," she answered; "we will not suffer it to shake our faith in men: but I feel quite sure the boy is honest, and will wait for us."

On this visit we stayed longer than usual: for the tutor justly prided himself upon having cultivated such a noble soul, and I was quite delighted at thus spending my time: faith in the honesty of the beggar-boy was thus for a few minutes prolonged. At last we took our leave. When we came out of the house, there stood the pale-faced boy, with a large loaf of bread in one hand, and with the other he held out to me the change.

I took it; and, in a quick, soft whisper, I said to my wife: "Thank God, you were right: but I think it would spoil the boy to give him the rest of the money at once: I should make his action of no effect, and trifle with his virtue."

"Certainly," said she; and, turning to the boy, she asked, "Where do you live?"

He gave his address in a distant, poor quarter.

We went happily away, and I undertook to find out the boy, and, to the best of my ability, to look after him: but, in the joy of my ecstatic existence, I forgot him; and when, at a later period, in my distant home, I thought of him and expressed my contrition, my wife said:

"Be comforted: the boy justified my confidence, and I requited him like for like. He confessed to me that he had, as was but natural, often expected us to find him out, as we had taken the trouble to ask his address: but soon he gave up the hope. Yet I was never more pleased with any compliment, than when, soon after my entrance at his home, he said: 'See, mother! didn't I always tell you, even if he didn't come, I knew she would!' I did what I could for him: and see, here is a copy of his indentures: he is now apprenticed to a joiner."

WHAT IS THE REGULATION-PRICE?

THIS is a question which, in our time, has become more universally in vogue than hitherto. In old times, you were obliged to bargain with a driver for the fare; and, whatever it came to, there was still, "Oh! and something to drink your honour's health, and my glass at dinner won't hurt your honour." Now-a-days, that is all over; even the cabs, which, like small rivulets, run from all corners and turnings to one point, and discharge their contents into the mighty stream of the railroad—even these have their fixed tariff or regulation-price. Indeed, in many countries of Germany, in all the inns there is, between the two frames of the chimney-glass, a list of prices, with the official seal of the local or district magistracy; and therein is distinctly set forth, not only how much you must pay for a glass of beer, but also for a cup of coffee, a basin of soup, a plate of meat, a salad, &c. Of course, for the good quality of the dishes, the magistracy cannot be responsible; that, mine host must regulate with a view to his own reputation.

The porter and the hackney-carriage have each a fixed price: and in many hotels, the last remnant of irregular payment is abolished: the "attendance" is put down in the bill. It almost comes to this, that no thanks are given or expected: what is due is paid; and therewith it is all over. Well, does all the old kindliness which men prate about cease with these regulations? Is a cold, strange, unpleasant manner generated thereby? At any rate, a considerable amount of slavish bowing and scraping is thus removed: and that is a very wholesome effect.

Every labourer is worthy of his hire: and the cringing which was current among many waiters has changed to a firm, self-respectful, and independent bearing.

Public warranty takes the place of confidence in an individual:

men, as servants or masters, bow beneath a common law: and the question, "What is the regulation-price?" significantly points to the mighty legal organization of a new universal society, destined to fix among us a public system of morals, which, in its elevating tendency, will yield to none of earlier date.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"'SOWING is not so laborious as reaping,' said Wolfgang Göthe, one of the wisest of Germany's teachers:" and Giles, as he from his seat in the chimney-corner hears my remark, thinks to himself: "Ha, ha! then I am also one of the wisest, for I know as much myself. Of course, it is easier to strew about a handful of seed than afterwards to reap, bind, load, and thresh."

"Bravo, sturdy Giles! 'tis a fine thing to pull in the same boat with Göthe. Bethink yourself a little, however: the saying is also an allegory: and this is the meaning of it: it is easier to impart instruction, to give advice, than to turn the consequences thereof to advantage. Be for once your own parson, and preach yourself a sermon upon this text; you will find it profitable.

"One thing, however, let me tell you: you musn't be shy, and mustn't console yourself with saying you can't understand what great minds set forth in their books. Whence, pray, do they derive their wisdom, but from common incidents of life before them? The only difference is, that they look never sleepily, but always wakefully upon them. All book-wisdom comes from the contemplation of real life: all remedies in the medicine-chest are made from things which grow before our eyes upon the open bosom of earth: but, you see, their properties and peculiarities must be understood; and they cannot be discovered with your eyes shut."

AN HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

GRUBER, the joiner, who lately died, told me upon his death-bed an incident in his life, the memory of which was real balm to him. "I am well aware," said he, "that I have committed many sins, and omitted much good which I ought to have done. But when I think how, on one occasion, I withstood temptation, my feverish pillows become cool, and I breathe more freely."

"And yet," he began once more—"and yet, viewed in its proper light, there is really nothing in it: I was only not wicked, but I was in great, in sore temptation: and I had a chance of not being obliged to toil so all my life, and of leaving my children a comfortable inheritance."

"Look you, sir, it does me good, really good, to be able to confess a righteous deed, and yet, no doubt, it is presumptuous; but God will pardon me for feeling glad at it: and though it is now winter, and though it is now night, and I lie here and cannot stir, yet, when I call to memory that hour, it is summer again,—a beautiful, clear evening, and I am once more in my happiest years, and I hear quite plainly the smith who dwelt next door to Stotz, hammering a kettle. It was a few days after the death of the timber merchant Stotz, who had many a load of timber on the Murg. He was a knowing hand; he had not only sent wood to Holland, he had established two saw-mills, had had the greater part of his wood thus sawn, and, by that means, saved much cost of labour. He was a hard man, and you know, of course, how he died: killed by the fall of a tree in a thunder-storm, at Rockert's-hill.

"Well, I went to his house, and walked into the office, just on the right hand as you enter by the street-door. As I entered, there stood the clerk: I mention no name, and I pray you, make no inquiries thereafter. The clerk then stood by the oaken desk, and had both his

elbows resting upon it, and his head buried in his hands. He looked at me as I entered, and said: 'Ah! Mr. Gruber, I have been expecting you some time.'

"'My visit is really to the widow Stotz,' I answered; 'but I could not pass the door without first saying a word to you. You know I am in the deceased's debt.'

"'1187 florins, 30 kreuzers,' said the clerk, and snatched up a paper; 'here is your note of hand. I put it aside: it is not yet entered in the book.'

"'Oh, yes! and on that subject I wished just to say to the widow—'

"'She knows nothing about it, nor does any one but ourselves.'

"'Still I will go up stairs; I shall soon come back.'

"'Stay just a moment; let us talk a little first alone together,' said the clerk, turning towards the wall, without looking at me.

"I, too, could not fix my eyes on him, and I felt as if a shot had pierced my heart.

"The clerk was in a merry humour; he held my note of hand rolled up before his mouth, and whistled through it a jolly air, a very jolly air; and it seemed as though two men were whistling, the paper so divided the sound.

"My brains went round; I knew no longer where I was; and—what I should never have dared to do all my life before—I sat, rider-wise, upon the leather-covered, high three-legged stool, in front of Stotz's desk: he had always been in the habit of sitting there; and there he drove his bargains, in a manner to make the very blood start under your finger-nails. Now, the stool was empty, and upon the desk lay a paper, awaiting signature. Might not a man recover of blood-money what he could lay his hands upon?

"Such was my thought, and I could not speak a word.

"The clerk turned upon his wheeling-chair, and held out to me his hand; this spoke volumes: no one knew of the bond except ourselves.

"The clerk would be a party, willingly be a party, if I would but give him a share, and I should suddenly arrive at great estate; and wherefore should I not? Stotz had had much service out of me, and he was rich, very rich; and I ——, when I left his door, I should be suddenly a man of substance. Yes, a man of substance; but what else? Pooh! thousands of people in my place, I thought, would catch at it, and live on well pleased. How many had already done such business with the clerk, and why should I alone be the honest fool? Eat your fill while at the manger. How long should I be obliged to work ere I should gain as much, or, much less, to put by? I rose up, I tried to walk, but I was rooted to the spot; I stamped upon the ground, and said: 'No,' almost aloud; but something within me said 'Yes,' more nearly aloud; and I thought how everybody would laugh at me when I told how I had been the honest fool.

"I own the temptation was strong; and the clerk looked at me and smiled, and nodded, and then trilled something again upon the paper. I can swear to this, that I had formed this idea before he said a word. I fancied myself sitting in the beer-house, at the round table in the jutty, and opposite sat the clerk, and we were hob-nobbing jovially together. And as I was thus fancying, the clerk, I mention no names, said: 'Shall we adjourn to the beer-house? there's a new tap.'

"There must be moments when one man can see into the deepest recesses of another's heart. 'I was just thinking of the same thing,' said I; 'but I'll not drink yet:' and suddenly I felt anxious and fearful; I felt as though I were in the middle of a forest, beset with robbers: or no, quite the contrary: and still I talked of weather, and all manner of things.

"The clerk closed the book, opened the closet, took up his hat, and put my bond in his pocket.

"I felt the pains of hell in the presence of the clerk; and suddenly I tore myself away, seized hold of the door, and ran out

towards the beer-house; I stumbled, and almost fell to the ground: I turned back, and now ran full tilt against the clerk: I moved on one side, rushed up the stairs, and, '1187 florins, 30 kreuzers,' I shouted to the widow, who stood above me on the staircase. She had no idea what I meant; and for one more moment I was sorry for my conduct; but it was only a moment: it was the last convulsive struggle of temptation; and now it is all over.

"I paid the widow my debt to the last farthing. It comforts me now, and I shall carry the recollection of it to the grave."

THE HAND THAT WEIGHED A POUND.

THE law, which is unalterable, which is independent of individual will and individual power, can alone be admitted, and prevail as a standard authority. Once put the law into a single man's hands, and it is just as it was with the woman who intended to sell a hawker a pound of feathers. "Dear me!" complained the woman, "I have no pound-weight."

"That's soon mended," said the hawker; "here is my right hand, which weighs exactly a pound."

He put his right hand in the scale; and the poor woman had to pluck all her geese, and yet couldn't make a pound.

"HONEST FINDER."—"LIBERALLY REWARDED."

How often in public advertisements concerning lost property, do the two expressions above stand by side; yet have they in them something irreconcilable.

On my travels, I had given my linen to a washerwoman, and had

the items carefully set down; all was returned in accordance with the list. An hour afterwards a lad came with an additional pocket-handkerchief with my name marked upon it: his mother had sent it; it was not set down in the list. Of course I was much pleased with this simple piece of honesty. I really think it is a mistake to look upon the joy one feels at such occurrences as a sad proof that honesty is but seldom to be found in the world; I should be much more inclined, on the contrary, to say, that the joy felt on these occasions is but what we feel at an ordinary appearance of nature, at a flower in the domain of morality; the flower, too, grows naturally, yet we are pleased with its simplicity, however frequent and common it may be. I have seen much of the same kind and of more extensive honesty in the world. Years before, for example, I had a similar instance. I had arrived at Schaffhausen one sultry mid-day. At the door of my hotel—the Ship—I paid my porter, and clumsily dropped all my change as well as sundry pieces of gold upon the ground. With the waiter's help I picked it up and then retired to my room. After a while, the waiter came and brought me another gold piece, which he had found. I was so joyfully surprised at this simple-minded action, that I was absolutely ashamed to reward him with money, and I merely gave him a hearty shake of the hand; and, whether he said as much or only looked it, I cannot say—but I received the impression that my way of thanking him was more to his taste, than a present of money would have been.

Nevertheless I afterwards often reproached myself, and thought he might perhaps set down this non-rewarding to stinginess, and might, on another occasion, be less honest towards a stranger whom he would see but once and never again. "You have," thought I, "spoilt him perhaps for ever." I determined to undeceive him. However, what with the bustle of travelling and the throng of impressions, I omitted to do so, and it frequently troubled me during my travels to think of my neglect.

When, then, the lad with the extra pocket-handkerchief stood before me, the previous occurrence came back to my mind, and I said: "It is very upright conduct both on your part and your mother's, and uprightness has its own reward in the heart; and it will always go well with you if you continue thus. Here, let me make you this present. It is no reward for being a good lad, but a simple remembrance; take the money as a memorial, and be ever staunch in the cause of honesty."

And now again the question presses itself upon me, is not this rewarding of virtue a degradation and a wronging of it? Is not the manner in which, generally and particularly, reward and remuneration are promised, a weakening of that quality in its natural simplicity?

I leave the matter for consideration.

DUTCH VIRTUE.

It was last Whit Monday evening. The Sunday had been wet, and many folks thereby had their long anticipated pleasure spoilt: no enjoying with light hearts the gaiety of nature; no roaming freely over hill and dale; no revelling in the joys of liberty!

Now, however, on the second holiday the sun shone more brightly than ever, and all was fresh and joyous.

By the side of the Neckar two friends were strolling and enjoying their own and their neighbours' pleasure, for from every side came the sound of merriment and jubilee. The birds in the air and upon the branches were singing with all their hearts, and music and chorus songs of men chimed in beside. One of the friends, a scholar, said: "I always fancy Whit Monday a prolonged Whit

Sunday afternoon. The services of religion are over, and mirth is unrestrained."

"Are you quite sure," answered the other, a stalwart, active farmer, "are you quite sure that this separation of mirth and devotion is not of evil? In my judgment, the best symptom of the healthiness of a nation or an age, is in its keeping of Sunday and holiday: in not banishing mirth and joviality beyond morality's pale; in not dividing the world into two halves, and giving one to God, the other to the devil as his peculiar province. If men are ever to become again truly healthy and happy, devotion and mirth must dwell together on equal terms, and peacefully. No doubt, with the present notions of propriety, it will be some time yet ere we can hope for such a state."

They went apace, and from the garden of an inn the sound of songs and merry cheers came out to meet them. As the scholar expressed his joy that the shockingly prim education which wars against all that is not printed in books had not yet quite scared away all their songs from the people's lips, the farmer answered, smiling: "And it should not be considered as bad as a sin, if one of these fellows, on a holiday, takes a glass or so beyond the requirements of thirst. This loosening of the daily fetters is often the means of recreating the whole system; and I have frequently observed, that those are the best workmen who once in a way indulge."

The two friends walked on in silence, and in their hearts was somewhat of that devotion which a cheerful nature pays; or is it not a pious emotion which causes pleasure at the sight and at the hearing of the joy of everything that breathes, and that makes the heart leap at the merriment of our fellow-creatures?

They went in silence up the hill together, upon which the sun was just pouring the full glow of his evening red; and from the village yonder rose up the notes of violins and cornets, where joyous couples were whirling in the dance.

Behind them were a troop of young apprentices in beery humour, yodeling and singing; the friends nodded to them and they responded with a shout. Then up the hill there came a woman, who was trundling a sick man upon a wheelbarrow. She went quietly on her way and gave no sign of begging. The two friends at the same moment put their hands into their pockets and handed her an alms: —she stopped; with one hand she wiped the perspiration from her face, and with the other she took the alms. The sick man upon the wheelbarrow muttered some unintelligible words. At this moment the merry topers too came by, and their yodeling and singing was hushed all in a moment. They halted, and as if at the word of command, each dived into his pocket, took forth his purse, and with unsteady hand held out to the poor woman an alms. Now she found words for her gratitude: "May God reward you a thousand thousand fold!" One of the merry topers began to sing—

> "I have a treasure for ever and aye,
> From eleven o'clock, till twelve i' the day."

But the others interrupted him and bade him hush; and they moved away with him in silence.

The two friends remained standing and looked yonder where the woman with the sick man was climbing the hill; and yonder where the merry topers, now noiseless as if heart-stricken, were strolling arm in arm.

The two friends stood silent, until at last the scholar said, "Might we not take this as an emblem of our age? Our age, intoxicated as it is with the pleasures of life, still sometimes finds itself arrested by the sight of misery, and, in the midst of intoxication, something like a conscience is awakened, and the heart is relieved by an act of benevolence. The idea is to purchase absolution thereby."

"I would never have believed," answered the farmer, "that you too would be a censor of our times; yes, censor: why is it there is never the contrary? For ever and ever it is the same preaching

against the world: 'Mankind is standing upon an abyss into which it must inevitably fall.' There is nothing more pitiful than to be always sneering at one's own age, and elevating another above it. Certainly it is easy enough, for we know our own age best, and therefore its faults too; but it were a better deed to look for what can give us pleasure in our own age; that is more invigorating, and, for my part, I am convinced that yon sun, which is now glowing with wondrous splendour, will never shine upon a better family of men than ours, than this present. To be sure, there are even in our time vices and sham virtues shocking and numerous enough; but in benevolence, in prompt zeal both of thought and deed for the good of others, our age is certainly not inferior to any preceding. No proverb ever pleased me more than king Solomon's: 'Whoso praiseth bygone times, is not wise.' And even these jolly topers—"

"—In their Dutch-virtue," interrupted the scholar; and the farmer continued:

"Call it Dutch-virtue if you like; that interferes not at all with the fact. It is true that a glass of wine opens the heart, but the simple fact that, unconsciously perhaps, their hands were thrust into their pockets, and their unsteady fingers placed in the poor woman's hand a piece of money, is virtue in full without discount. They might not quite know what they were about, but they felt, and they obeyed the inward feeling, that they ought not to be merry in the presence of misery; and they did what they could to alleviate it: and the satisfaction they felt at this gift of money, will be the best draught they have drunk to-day: they will perceive it, though they may not understand it. I could, if I pleased, resolve most of your virtues into Dutch-virtues; as, for instance, courage in battle, and devotion in the many trials of life; how seldom in these cases are we matter-of-fact, sober, conscious actors! In the moment of action we are often the mere instruments of an impulse: still, of course, the impulse may, and should be, the result of previous calm deliberation and noble habits. I go still further and maintain that these

jolly fellows, at the moment when they opened their purses and bestowed their money, were fully conscious of their act of kindness, although the moment before and the moment after, the fumes of their jollification overclouded their minds."

"You are the Whitsun-wonder," said the scholar; "you've really for once almost turned preacher: but you are right, the word Dutch-virtue enticed me into saying more than I can defend. There are words and expressions which, when they contain a sort of witticism, lead us beyond what we really thought and meant to say. I am well pleased with our jolly philanthropists, and you can lay yourself down to sleep to-night with the reflection, that you have changed me a little for the better."

Night had set in, the trees by the street-side threw dusky shadows, lovers with arms entwined encountered the two friends, and in the forest sang the nightingale. The two friends went their way with souls that had drunk in good store of happiness. And when they heard in the distance the drinking-song which boon companions still shouted down the street, they softly joined their voices, until they shook each other by the hand, and said, "Good-night." The burthen of the song was,

Good brother, I bring thee a glass of wine;
Come, merrily quaff it—'tis thine, 'tis thine:
Pass the flagon about.
Bout, and out, and once more about;
The bantam's feathers stand crookedly out;
Pass the flagon about.

CHRISTMAS-BOXES FOR THE MILLION.

A LONG line of carriages before the Town-Hall, hundreds of people flocking to the door—what can it all mean?

"There's a grand distribution of Christmas-boxes to the poor children up stairs: you can see it by paying for a ticket."

Up I went. There was a band playing in a raised gallery: first came a chorus, in which the company joined; then a lively march was played; and in good order, marshalled by teachers and lady-patronesses, a long line of children moved up the hall. Personages of high and the highest rank were assembled. I don't know whether there had been a rehearsal, but it is not unlikely: everything was done as if it had been practised.

The children were drawn up at a table; and there each found, marked with his name, his Christmas-box; clothes, books, or play-things.

An edifying speech was made, another march was played, and then managers and spectators all left the hall; and after them the children.

My hand trembles at the idea of attacking the scene I have described, for I may thereby be wronging a deed prompted by really good motives: but I must; for I believe that the manner of execution nullifies nearly all the good which might result from such proceedings: and I believe it is only necessary to bring this fact fully home to people, to turn this in itself really good and proper disposition towards benevolence into the right channel.

Take but one peep into the souls of these children, who are used for the purposes of an, of course unintentional, ostentation of benevolence. The holiest sensation of a child is pleasure, that blissful exultation in the reception of a joy, which causes forgetfulness of all the world beside: and to trespass upon this joy, to bring it forward for exhibition, is a shameful abuse.

There is, however, a wise law of nature, which gives this expression of joy a defence against abuse. Just as many different singing birds, confined in a single cage, will sing no more, but simply twitter; so is it also with these hundreds of children, who have their Christmas-boxes in company. Each alone would shout for

joy ; but now the delight is damped and repressed : joy and timidity struggle together, and the latter gains the mastery.

And, again ; observe the first two glances of a child that receives a gift in public. Scarcely has he received his own, when he looks askant at his neighbour's ; and envy, discontent, or ill-natured triumph rises in the childish bosom.

Then follows another glance, which he searchingly casts around : yonder, far away from him, beneath the gallery, stand his parents ; their dress is not *à la mode*, and would not suit the gay occasion ; so they are separated from their children, even if they are allowed the favour of walking with them into the room. If something worse do not arise in the child's bosom—if it do not feel that it is being made an object, an exhibition—yet, doubtless, its joy is diminished, when it cannot at once cry to its parents,—" See, this is mine ! and this !"—that their joy may be one.

Picture to yourself then the days and hours before and after acceptance. A bright image will be formed, which will only make the gloom of the narrow minded, petty reality, more petty and narrow minded still. In all acts of beneficence, the best feature is the glance of the giver and the glance of the receiver ; but in these places, where are they to be met with ?

It is true that the continued growth of the towns has brought about a difficulty in superintendence, and a separation of classes, such as it is not easy to surmount ; yet they must be surmounted, unless the breach between high and low is to go on continually widening.

There are the beneficence committees ; they roam with their subscription lists from house to house ; you put your name down with pleasure, for you have a kind heart ; you feel you are well to do, and you are bound to take some care for the welfare of others also : but, pardon the expression, I cannot spare you : this beneficence by subscription, is yet no more than beneficence by the medium of tongs. You don't touch the poor yourself, or see, or hear him.

The committee is the tongs by which you place yourself—not yourself, but your money—in communication with him; you are not even present: and you consider yourself to have done all that could be required of you, if, for this evening, you refuse this or that invitation, on purpose to be present at the "public distribution."

Is yonder jacket the purchase of your money? Is yonder lad or yonder lassie your presentee? You have no idea; nay, perhaps you are so wise, that you remark: "This is the better kind of beneficence: the poor recipient has only to thank the donors in general, no one in particular. The kindnesses are like rain and dew, which fall from an invisible height."

But, with all respect for the unselfish, noble-hearted visitors of the poor, who cannot help it, who must play providence for you, can you answer it, that, in the best of your virtues—beneficence—you leave others to act for you?

There are, everybody knows, two kinds of virtue, active and passive; or, to speak still plainer English, the virtue which does, and the virtue which suffers. It is easy to determine which is the higher kind; although, now-a-days, there are numerous efforts made to uphold the passive as the higher, or, indeed, the only virtue. But is it not evident, from the very word beneficence, that this virtue must be active? May it not be called a perversion of its original characteristic, to make it, if not passive, at any rate inactive?

We have seen this year in Belgium a battle, in which the noblest faculties took the lead, against what was called the Law of Beneficence; and its signal overthrow. I do not know whether it was expressly stated at the time, but of course the idea was included, that beneficence should not, by being put under guardianship, be allowed to become a passive virtue.

And Christmas-boxes for the million belong also to that sort of management, which abolishes all trace of inward, moral action, and changes everything to an outward matter-of-fact machinery.

Seek and ye will find! Seek one, or if you can, seek more than one poor family, and you will see what different fruit your beneficence will bear, both for you and for the poor.

There will be no band, no big drums and trumpets to play to you: but there is a secret music in the heart: hark, how it rings!

WORKING-ORDERS.

At the last meeting of the Diocess in the town, as I was strolling alone to the garden of the railway hotel, to meet there once more with my brethren, there met me, not far from the gate, a well-dressed young man: he wore mustachios and imperial, and had a medal upon his breast. He stopped, and addressed me by name as he bowed. I did not know him; and, when I questioned him, he answered that he was a stone-mason, Maurice by name, son of the old man who had worked in our streets: he had for many years been abroad. "Have you been in action?" said I.

"No," answered he, smiling.

"Is that a medal for saving life?"

"No, again. I have come home to fetch my certificates. I have been now seven years in Paris, and intend to settle there. You must know, sir, I gained this medal by being industrious and steady at my work. I was one of the men who finished the Louvre. Oh, sir! it is such a splendid building. I wish you would come once to Paris, that I might show it to you!" The stone-mason held out his hand to me at parting, and walked proudly away.

I remember to have read that the present ruler of France, at the completion of the building, delivered a speech, in which he happily defended the idea, that a people's life, and action, and will, are as

much a self-included union, as an individual's, or even more so. At the same time, if memory serve me, he decorated, not only architects and projectors, but also simple workmen. I reflected much at the time, as to what would be the working of this: now there stood before me a décoré of the kind, and I saw in his whole bearing a lofty consciousness, an unmistakeable pride in his honour, which could not but rouse him to fresh efforts. As to who gave the decoration I shall say nothing; I look far beyond that; and the thought: "Is such decoration for simple labour in place, and how will it work," is all I have now to do with. The question is not: Amid all kinds of deficiency in that devotion and sacrifice for the commonwealth, in which other times are conspicuous above ours; amid pleasure-seeking and want of principle, which increase still more and more, has our time yet one thing which it will not allow to perish; in which we must rather recognise a motive power hitherto unknown in this walk of life? The question is of work, its appreciation and exaltation. As fame is no longer confined to the bravery, skill, and genius of soldiers, so honour also has become common property, from the attainment of which no calling is excluded. Still, is it therefore necessary, is it advantageous to introduce the practice of decoration for mere labour?

I could not help bringing the conversation among my brethren to bear upon this subject. Unfortunately, there were present two décorés; and I cannot conceal the fact, that it always appears to me to involve a contradiction, that spiritual teachers should accept secular decoration. I am aware of an edition of the Bible to which a certain prelate wrote the preface; and it ends "So and so, chevalier of such and such an order;" and immediately afterwards comes, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The conversation among us was soon broken off: but, at another table, where there were none but underlings, it became proportionately more vehement. I cannot remember the particulars; but an echo of the general impression seems to me note-worthy.

"There is a great idea," said one, "of recognising 'Invalides' of labour. Whoever, for the protection of the community, with weapons in their hands—and whoever, for the preservation of the community, with tools in their hands, have become incapacitated for action, these it is a necessary advance in civilisation to allow an equal recognition. Continual activity is no longer made inferior to that which is transient and exciting; and so soon as 'Invalides' of labour are recognised, there must also be rewards for courage in labour."

"It is, however, much harder," objected another. "The state can only reward and distinguish what is done for the state. The soldier exists exclusively for the state, the workman does not—certainly not a workman who is at work at a residence, or something of that kind. Besides, the stake is very unequal, and therefore the gain should be different. And how is the state to single out the industrious and deserving workman? One way, perhaps, would be to allow the workmen themselves to choose and determine who are deserving of distinction."

"It is my belief," said a third, "that it is intended, by means of these decorations, to raise among the workmen a devoted contingent; and it is a clever idea, for the decorated journeyman is at the *café* a sort of recruiting sergeant."

"The German Statutes," said a fourth, "have abolished all 'Orders;' and in a pure state, well stocked with real citizen-virtue, there should be none."

"Surely," said a fifth; "but since we have to take the world as we find it, if there be 'Orders' for civil and military service, and for industrial principles, it is only natural that the fourth class should have their 'Orders.' If consciousness, that inward virtue, is enough for them, so should it be also for the others. As matters stand, however, it is good and proper that the simple workman, as he dances on the green, or lounges at the *café*, or strolls along the public walks, should sport his decoration. In the days of exclusive

guild the workman's pride was centred in his calling: he cared not to appear and be thought anything else in the world. Our age, which put an end to, and could not help putting an end to guild, seeing that similarity of costume prevents the recognition of any particular craft; our age has naturally, by way of recompense, been obliged to have recourse to decoration: and it must have a good effect if the workman is thereby induced to appear before all the world in the pride of his calling. The jousts of the Exhibition of Industry have been the cause of many being dubbed Chevaliers, who moved neither hand nor foot: let, then, the workmen also have their decorations. When there is no one walking about undecorated, then, and not till then, let there be an end of 'Orders!'"

"Oh, yes!" cried last of all a well-known joker, "that will be the millennium of decoration, when all hungry, gaping button-holes are stopped and satisfied."

The conversation now took a jocose, lively turn, until the train suddenly put a stop to it. Many of my brethren hurried away, and I accompanied them to see them off.

It always makes me very thoughtful when I see these collected throngs of men in a railway train go whirling through the country. What various fates are here all crammed together! Whence come they? Whither away?

I saw here, too, many men with ribands, particularly bright red: in many a discontented-looking face, as it stared from the window, I thought I saw some worshipful gentleman who cannot bear to travel like a simple individual, without anybody's knowing that he has at home horses and carriage, servants and goods, and a fire-proof safe to keep all his money in. Many persons like, therefore, upon a journey, to have something to distinguish them; and certainly a red riband is very serviceable for that.

I returned to the hotel-garden. After the hurry-scurry of a departure by train, stoppage has something particularly dreary in

it. I was soon on my way home; when the sun was still tinging with evening red the warm valley and the breezy hills. I ascended my own solitary mount, and could not but think much of all I had heard and encountered. What a strange game men make of one another; and whoever trifles with them most is most respected. . .

But I advise every one not to think too much during mountain-climbing; it is an additional burthen, and you arrive sore hot and tired at the top. I experienced it this day. Now I am once up, however, I congratulate myself upon my peacefully retired existence. Let the folks below, in the troubled world, wrangle and devise all manner of badges. Who knows what purposes are written therewith on the page of the world's history?

SOMETHING FOR A DREAMER TO THINK OF.

A. You talk too much.
B. When?
A. Always.
B. With whom, pray?
A. With yourself.

CAMPAIGN OF GERMAN SOLDIERS IN 1857.

"THE soldiers are on the march!" was the cry, and I saw many an eye flash at the thought that an end was coming to the misery of our Schleswig-Holstein brethren.

It was not to be. We still look northwards in dismay and anxiety. It was not to be. However, I will not depreciate the little good because the great is wanting.

"The soldiers are on the march!" was the cry, and no mother wept, no father stormed, no maiden went lamenting. "They come! They are here!" was the cry at evening. Not a bullet whistled, but a cheerful sound of singing resounded from afar; and wives and children rushed out to the meeting. The good-man, however, remained sitting upon the block before the house and sharpened his scythe, which rang like a joy-bell to announce the approaching work-day, and it was a day of joy, for it brought fresh strength for work.

The soldiers from the garrison had furlough for harvest-work. I watched one father, my neighbour Hartmann; his newly-arrived son stood before him; the father nodded and held out his hand over his scythe, which he was sharpening: it was a beautiful symbolically expressed welcome. The father said: "I am glad to see you, and very glad the Government has shown so much sense for once; now, when every hand in the place must be incessantly at work, now is no time for shutting up so many young hands idle in barrack, or giving them something to do which does no good. Of course there must be soldiers; as long as our neighbours have soldiers, we must have them too. But you can practise your manœuvres upon the stubble-field, you see; so it is very well that you have been sent home. You may think yourself lucky that you are here and will have to help me. I feel just as I did one time when I was ill; when I got well again, I hadn't gained anything beyond what I had before: but I felt so thankful and happy. Yes, yes; it is very good and proper for you to be here, and as to the Government——"

"Let him have something to eat now; he must be hungry," said the mother, who, soon after the first welcome, had gone in-doors. "Go in, Martin; you'll find something upon the table."

The son went in; the father, however, went on with his sharpening: who can tell what thoughts kept pace with his scythe sharpening? He is a knowing man, of an open but obstinately stubborn nature; whenever he meets with good luck he prefers first scolding and finding fault before he praises and thanks.

It was really a pleasure to look on and see how now, with the help of the soldiers, the harvest was brought speedily and safely under roofing. There is nothing more heart-rending than to see the results of labour spoilt and ruined; and there had been some apprehension that, should rainy weather set in, we should lose a considerable portion of the harvest; for there was a lack of labour.

Lack of labour! That was a thing which had never been known before; at all events, to such an extent in rural employment. Emigration to the New World, ever-increasing factory work, besides the enormous demand of *employés* for railways, had played sad havoc with agriculture just at harvest, when most work was to be done in the least time.

It rejoices me much that the Agricultural Societies prove themselves to exist not merely for empty exhibitions and experiments, or, at most, for improving the breed of cattle and the make of certain agricultural implements, but, as becomes more and more evident, that they have, and will go on winning, a social significance which cannot be over-estimated. Indeed, in Agricultural Societies I see a foreshadowing of the modern fraternity, such an one as no former age ever knew. There is here nothing of the constraint of the old companies and guilds, and here consequences are exhibited which only free union can disclose.

No doubt Agricultural Societies are, in their moral cohesion and expression, more easily managed, for the same reason that agriculture belongs to the noblest of occupations, viz., that herein all anticipation of advantage to any one party more than another, by competition, is impossible. If your neighbour, according to the rational acknowledged laws of nature and of modern experience,

cultivates his land just as well as you, it can be no disadvantage to you: the sun, the rain, the soil, are not customers which may leave you to the advantage of your neighbour. Upon the whole, it is true, in the case of all occupations, that the advantages and skill of one in any department of industry can be no hindrance to any. Nay, even free competition in the market does no harm to the tiller of the land. I have read, that since the free importation of corn into England, the agriculturists have advanced beyond comparison with former times.

Seeing, then, that the Agricultural Societies brought the question of deficiency in field-labour to debate, and that they took common steps to obtain the help of the soldiers in garrison, it appears to me that a great fact has been introduced into our civilisation, the effects of which are incalculable.

I know a club in the town, in which honourable grey-beards, as well as young ones, fair and dark, will bluster and curse at this great fact. They, of course, see in it rather too powerful a wrench of soldierly duties, nay, perhaps even a relaxation of all discipline, and a degradation of military prestige. Such opposition on their part cannot be found fault with. It must seem to them as if the world was upside down, when, instead of taking manhood from plough and sickle to musket and sabre, it is now right-about-face to the opposite course: but what has once asserted its necessity in the progress of universal life, no "regulation," no general order, can prevent.

Thoughts of this kind were the whole week passing through my mind, and never before had I been so often out; the heat which generally so wearied me, had now no effect upon me; for it is always the case, that when an exciting idea lives within us, it makes us easily ignore and forget everything external. There is a strong expression in Homer: "The spear draws the hero after." I would, however, transfer it to the sickle, the scythe, and all implements of peaceful labour. In the midst of his work, the labourer is spent

upon his toil; in his case, too, a courage displays itself, which bears along the possessor of it.

We have not only the local inhabitants' sons; the hill-farmer who lives outside the village in the hamlet, and possesses the largest means, has six soldiers for harvest labourers. He was at first very anxious, for fear they would give him much trouble in matters of keep and general treatment, but all that was over by the second day, and it is a real pleasure to see the soldierlike order which prevails among them all. It really did me good to hear him say: "People are always complaining that the world gets worse and worse; haven't there been times when soldiers were required for suppressing all manner of disturbance, and when they were billeted on one and sucked one's very blood, and now—now we have soldiers certainly, but what for?"

On the next Sunday, when a great portion of the harvest had been cut, my neighbour Hartmann, with two common councilmen, came to me, and after prophesying that there was sad, sad weather coming, begged me to allow the binding and carrying to take place that day.

"Well, but suppose I, like my neighbour, who permitted hay-harvest on Sunday, get a severe reprimand?"

At this question, the cunning fellow held out his open snuff-box, and said:—

"Meanwhile, sir, take a pinch for all the reprimand you will receive."

Of course I granted permission; for I think that now particularly when we receive no more tithes, to avoid every appearance of selfishness, we are bound doubly not to hinder in any way at all the best manner of getting in the harvest.

Soon the wagons were rumbling along, and the soldiers on furlough, as I heard in the evening, did excellent service to-day; however, they did not, amidst the pressure of work, omit all necessary repose. They roofed a great deal; that was now protected, and the last wagons were allowed to remain laden in the sheds, to be

unloaded next day: no more work was done than was absolutely necessary; besides, no one liked to lose the social glass they always drank as they rested on the Sunday evening. And as now a heavy shower came pouring down, all were sitting closely packed in the inn.

I do not generally like to sit with my rustic parishioners at the inn; not from pride, be it understood, but because I know that it very often destroys the freedom of their enjoyment: people of this kind are more happy by themselves. My neighbour Hartmann, who had often asked me why I did not join them at the inn, soon made my answer known; I said, "I don't wish to disturb you; I wish you to discuss me as well as others, just as you like."

My friends declare there is nevertheless a secret pride in my holding aloof from the peasants. I believe, however, that it is a kindness to them not to make myself so very familiar: for supposing I have to speak to them on solemn subjects, what I say makes more impression.

To-day, however, I was driven among them fairly, and—I don't know how it came about—I suddenly found myself giving a table-lecture, in which I tried to show them what a change was coming over the world.

The absurdities uttered by demagogues and rogues about equality and state provision for all, &c., may be easily refuted; yet it cannot be denied that by the introduction of such questions and such sentiments, a considerable change has been worked upon the world. The making and administering of laws is no longer the sole connexion of the state with society; provision for the welfare of the community holds a foremost place in that connexion; and this sending forth of soldiers for harvest labour is a great and cheering proof of it. Though we may be still far from the fulfilment of Isaiah's sublime prediction, "that spears shall be turned into plough-shares;" still an advance has been made towards it, and who shall say what by degrees may follow?

Such notions I attempted to set forth, and the rustics hob-and-nobbed with me to the toast of "eternal peace," and Hartmann added: "Ah! the minister always thinks for the best, and puts the best construction upon everything." There was considerable knavery in this praise of Hartmann; for though he likes other people to take favourable views, though he is glad, so to speak, to see that sort of feeling in the world, he will none of it at home. Nevertheless, I felt myself much inspirited by this direct explanation with my people. When we left the inn the rain had ceased, and delightful freshness floated on the breeze, as we said to one another with redoubled joy, "Good-night." I looked out the passage in Isaiah where eternal peace is promised. What a mighty—what a bold flight raised up that spirit till he became the inspired seer; a spirit of fire breathes from him which kindles every one!

Here I sit and read words which thousands and thousands of years ago were uttered; yet still they freshly live, and still lives the faith that men are born to peace, to love, and to godliness.

Even as I write, a cooling breeze is wafted towards me through the open casement, and involuntarily these words flow from my pen,

> To work! to work! 's the battle cry,
> That rouses modern ages;
> No wars—but such as industry
> With working weapons wages!

THE END.

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